

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1861.

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. In consequence of the length of some of the Articles in the present Number the Review of Alexander Smith's New Poem, and "Bubble Blowing in the Seventeenth Century," are unavoidably delayed until next month.

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THE ECLECTIC.

I.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.*

PEOPLE in England know little of Welsh preaching. Nor is it possible they should know much ; and it is probable that in most of our congregations a larger acquaintance with it and the manner of it would not have the effect of making it more favourably regarded. Preaching is in Wales the great national characteristic—the Derby Day is not more truly a characteristic of England than the great gatherings and meetings of the Associations all grouped around some popular favourites. The dwellers among those mountains and upon those hill sides have no concerts, no theatres, no means of stimulating or satisfying their curiosity. For we who care little for preaching, to whom the whole sermon system is perhaps becoming more tedious, we can form but little idea, and have but little sympathy with that form of religious society where the pulpit is the orchestra and the stage and the platform, and where the charms of music and painting and acting are all looked for and found in the preacher. We very likely should be disposed even to look with complacent pity upon such a state of society ; it has not yet expired where the Bulwers, and Dickens, and Thackerays, and Scotts are altogether unknown : there the peculiar forms of their genius—certainly without their peculiar education—display themselves in the pulpit. If our readers suppose, therefore, a large amount of ignorance, well, upon such a subject certainly it is possible to enter easily upon the illimitable. Yet it is such an ignorance as that which developed itself in Job and in his companions and in his age—an ignorance like that which we may conceive in

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- * 1. *Sermons of Christmas Evans : a New Translation from the Welsh, with a Memoir and Portraiture of the Author.* By Rev. Joseph Cross. Philadelphia : Leary and Getz. 1859.
2. *Memoirs of the late Christmas Evans, of Wales.* By David Rhys Stephen. London : Aylott and Jones. 1847.

Æschylus. In fact, in Wales, the gates of every man's being have been opened. It is possible to know much of the grammar, and the history, and the lexicography of things, and yet to be utterly ignorant, so utterly ignorant of things as never to have felt the sentiment of strangeness or of terror; and without having ever been informed about the names of things, it is possible to have been brought into the presence and the power of things themselves. Thus the ignorance of one man may be higher than the intelligence of another. There may be a large memory and a very narrow consciousness. On the contrary, there may be a large consciousness, while the forms it embraces may be uncertain and undefined in the misty twilight of the soul. This is much the state of many minds in Wales. It is the state of feeling and of poetry, of subtle questionings, and high religious musings and raptures. This state has been aided by the secludedness of the country, and the exclusiveness of the language, not less than by the rugged force and masculine majesty and strength of the language, a language full of angles and sharp goads, admirably fitted for the masters of assemblies, admirably fitted to move like a wind over the soul, rousing and soothing, stirring into storm and lulling into rest. Something in it makes an orator almost ludicrous when he attempts to convey himself in another language, but very powerful and impressive in that. It is a speaking and living language, a language without any shallows, a language which seems to compel the necessity of thought before using it. Our language is fast becoming serviceable for all that large part of the human family who speak without thinking. To this state the Welsh can never come. That unaccommodating tongue only moves with a soul behind it.

CHRISTMAS EVANS was the child of very poor parents—Samuel and Joanna Evans. At the age of seventeen Christmas could not read a word. He was born at Esgaiswen, in the parish of Llandysul, Cardiganshire, on Christmas-day, 1766, says his friend and biographer, Rhys Stephen—1776, says his later biographer, Mr. Cross. Probably Mr. Stephen is correct. His father was a shoemaker, but he died when the lad was only nine years of age, and his wife and children became even, in some measure, dependent on the parish for support. He was taken by an uncle, a Mr. James Lewis, to his farm, and for six years he was abandoned to utter neglect. His years were passed in complete poverty, in most servile employments; he had neither friend nor home. An imagination, however, so vivid and vigorous, must have frequently been awakened amidst the sublime scenery of the glorious hills and valleys by which he was surrounded.

The influences by which he was surrounded were entirely depraving; yet, in his seventeenth year, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, although they were kindled in a church whose pastor was strongly influenced by Arian views, as were many ministers in Wales in that day—Mr. Daniel Davies. Mr. Stephen has, in a few lines, given a most loveable portrait of him. He was the Patriarch and Pastor of Castell Hywel. He says—

‘Mr. D. Davies was the very soul of kindness and fine feeling; and wherever you meet one of his old pupils, be he clergymen or dissenting minister, there is a kind and admiring word for the Patriarch of Castell Hywel. Nothing could be more unsophisticated than his mode of living amongst his native mountains; and while, in mind, he lived with the old Greeks and the mighty Romans, revelling in the treasury of ancient lore, he ate, and drank, and lodged, as did the small farmer of his district. With few wants, and less discontent—teaching all that were sent to his school; paid most moderately, indeed, by the richest of his neighbours, not at all by the poorer among them; breaking in upon the “noiseless tenor of his way” only by the sermons on Lord’s-day, and occasionally at some house on week-day evening, when, especially if he referred to the Prodigal Son, which he was much addicted to, he would weep profusely, affected by his own teaching; at once the cause of his own felicity, and the source of whatever power he exerted upon others.

‘Mr. Davies, overtaken by a heavy shower, called at a farm-house, and begged a sheaf of straw, which, opening it in the middle, he put on his head as a temporary umbrella. A poor woman who met him on the road said, “Mr. Davies, *bach?* you have very poor shelter.” “Oh!” replied the good man, “*a roof of straw well becomes a wall of clay.*”

There came a great awakening at Castell Hywel, a great desire for religious knowledge. In those days scarce one person in ten could read at all, even in the language of the country: so says Christmas Evans. ‘We’—that is, the young converts—‘bought Bibles and candles, and were accustomed to meet together in a barn in the evening, at Penyralltfaus, and thus in about a month I was able to read the Bible in my mother tongue. I was vastly delighted with so much learning. This, however, did not satisfy me, but I borrowed books and learnt a little English. Mr. Davies, my pastor, understood that I thirsted for knowledge, and took me to his school, where I stayed for six months. Here I went through the Latin grammar, but so low were my circumstances that I could stay there no longer.’ He soon became the subject of persecution among his companions, and it was about this time that he lost his eye. Six young men fell upon him unawares, and beat him very unmercifully; one of them, using a

stick, struck him above the eye, which occasioned the loss of its sight. A very great mistake went abroad that Christmas Evans, before his conversion, was a great boxer. So far otherwise, he says he 'never fought a battle in his life.' The night after this sad disaster, he dreamt that the day of judgment was come. He says, 'I saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world on fire. I was in great fear, yet crying earnestly, and with some confidence, for his peace. He answered and said, "Thou thoughtest to be a preacher, but what wilt thou do now? The world is on fire and it is too late." On this I awoke.' This dream produced a deep impression on his mind; it recovered him, too, from some spiritual declension. He was called upon often to the exercises of prayer and exhortation, and he testifies that to this he felt 'a strong inclination, though,' he says, 'I knew myself a mass of spiritual ignorance.' His memory was very tenacious; he translated, among his first performances, a sermon of Bishop Beveridge, and preached it. He also committed to memory one of Mr. Rowland's sermons, and preached it in the very neighbourhood of the church to which he belonged. A gentleman heard him, and naturally enough expressed amazement at such a sermon from an unlettered boy. The mystery was solved next day—he found the sermon in a book. 'However,' said he, 'I have not done thinking there is something great in the son of Samuel, the shoemaker, for his prayer was as good as the sermon.' His opinion of the young preacher would have suffered some farther abatement if he had known, what was the fact, that the prayer itself was memorized. This seems to have taken place before he lost his eye, before the dream; and for the youth, who could do such things, we are not surprised that there was a sad backsliding and repentance before the period of his real promise and usefulness. Our space will not permit us to go at length, and in detail, through all those processes in the life of the young man, which indeed are not given to us at any length; but from which we learn that his Christian experiences were of a painful nature. He who was wont, before the period of true religious feeling and honest and individual application, to attempt to shine in the robes of the departed masters, now that he was thrown upon himself felt all the depression and debasement of a humble heart, and sometimes of a disappointed ministry. He was wont, when he preached, to enter the pulpit with dread; he conceived the very sight of him was enough to becloud the hearts of his hearers, and intercept the light of heaven in its efforts to shine upon their souls. He could not ascertain that he had been the means of salvation to a single hearer during five years of his ministry, and he kept the state of his soul in darkness and in

reserve; he drank the wormwood of thought and of bitter feeling alone. We like to read of these experiences; to him they were dark moments, but the light came by and bye into his soul, and we shall see that his wonderful power over other men was the result of his own deep and solemn acquaintance with the most painful and harassing questions of the human heart. His faith was 'no cunningly-devised fable.'

Mr. Evans was greatly blessed in his wife. He married in 1790—the year in which he was ordained at Lleyn, in Caernarvonshire—Catharine Jones. She greatly aided him in his ministerial work, by her spirit and her character. She did not bring him property; but she brought what was of far more importance than property; she was a member of his church. She had a strong mind, and she had, it seems, great aptitude for theological studies. She must have been, when married, very young; for thirty-three years she walked with her husband a companion and helpmeet, and as a manager she seems to have been even a miracle of a woman. Her husband's income, for the greater part of their married life, never exceeded thirty pounds; yet she gave away food to poor children and needy folks, and procured and made garments for the poor members of the church, and money and bread for Irish labourers who passed her door on their way to and from the harvests. Her house was always open to itinerant ministers, and she readily administered to them with her own hands; and although her health was never robust, she had so much courage that she was able to accompany her husband on five of his journeys through the greatest portion of Wales, sometimes in the depth of the winter, often through storms of rain and snow and hail, over dangerous ferries, and through wild and desolate places. She loved the Saviour, and she made all the interests of his church hers. They travelled in true apostolic style. Thus we read, when Christmas Evans was forty-six years of age, he removed from Lleyn to the Isle of Anglesea,—that had been his first church and charge, there he had been ordained. There he met and married his wife, but upon his birth-day (Christmas-day) they went out to their new country, almost, it might be said, not knowing whither they went. 'It was,' he says, 'a rough day of frost and snow.' Of this world's goods they had none. He commenced thus his journey on horseback, with his wife behind him, and arrived in the evening of the same day at Llangewin. Whatever was the motive for his departure, it was not money; his salary in Anglesea was only £17 per annum, and for twenty years he asked no more. He who said to Abraham 'Fear not: I am thy shield and exceeding great reward,' called Christmas Evans forth; and

the reason of the call was soon perceived in the large additions made to Abraham's seed, and the divine influence felt by innumerable souls. In all this his wife was no obstruction. If it be true that a man must ask his wife's leave to be rich, he must also ask her to permit him to be useful; she is the minister's minister, and his power is greatly owing to her. What can we, or men as we are, know of such men, of their lives, or of their motives? We call them poor, should look upon them almost with contempt; their world was different to ours, their life a hidden life. Had they not pleasures? Had not our preacher pleasures? The noise of the great world scarcely ever broke on his ear. Every way the furniture of life was simple; luxuries of the most frivolous description have become necessities to us; but as we read the life of this man and his companions in the ministry, all look very different. The things of eternity, and the solemn thoughts of time awakening to it, seem nearer to them than to us. Mr. Stephens, in his life, has given the passing sketch and memorial of several of these men, of whom our world indeed is not worthy.

‘Their virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
Their single talent well employed.’

In was in the second year of his ministry at Lleyn that a change came over the ministry of the man. He was in feeble health, and he set off to South Wales to visit his friends. He was unable to procure a horse for the journey, and the small societies to which he preached were too poor to provide him one. So he set forth on foot, preaching in every town and village through which he passed. He gives the account of many battles in spirit among the mountains. He says, ‘The roads were lonely, and I was wholly alone. I suffered no interruptions in my wrestlings with God.’ He says this, indeed, of a later period of his spiritual difficulties, but he knew these moments constantly, and a change came over his ministrations. He says—

‘I now felt a power in the word, like a hammer breaking the rock, and not like a rush. I had a very powerful time at Kilvowyr, and also pleasant meetings in the neighbourhood of Cardigan. The work of conversion was progressing so rapidly and with so much energy in those parts, that the ordinance of baptism was administered every month for a year or more, at Kilvowyr, Cardigan, Blaenywaun, Blaenffôs, and Ebenezer, to from ten to twenty persons each month. The chapels and adjoining burying-grounds were crowded with hearers of a week-day, even in the middle of harvest. I frequently preached in the open air in the evenings, and the rejoicing, singing,

and praising would continue until broad light the next morning. The hearers appeared melted down in tenderness at the different meetings, so that they wept streams of tears, and cried out, in such a manner that one might suppose the whole congregation, male and female, was thoroughly dissolved by the gospel. "The word of God" was now become as "a sharp two-edged sword, dividing asunder the joints and marrow," and revealing unto the people the secret corruptions of their hearts. Preaching was now unto me a pleasure, and the success of the ministry in all places was very great. The same people attended fifteen or twenty different meetings, many miles apart, in the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Brecknock. This revival, especially in the vicinity of Cardigan, and in Pembrokeshire, subdued the whole country, and induced people everywhere to think well of religion. The same heavenly gale followed down to Fishguard, Llangloffan, Little New-Castle, and Rhydwylin, where Mr. Gabriel Rees was then a zealous and a powerful preacher. There was such a tender spirit resting on the hearers at this season, from Tabor to Middlemill, that one would imagine, by their weeping and trembling in their places of worship, and all this mingled with so much heavenly cheerfulness, that they would wish to abide for ever in this state of mind.'

It is very interesting to notice how real and deep was the spiritual life of Christmas Evans. He says:—

'I was weary of a cold heart towards Christ, and his sacrifice, and the work of his Spirit—of a cold heart in the pulpit, in secret prayer, and in study. For fifteen years previously I had felt my heart burning within, as if going to Emmaus with Jesus. On a day ever to be remembered by me, as I was going from Dolgelley to Machynlleth, and climbing up towards Cadair Idris, I considered it to be incumbent upon me to pray, however hard I felt my heart, and however worldly the frame of my spirit was. Having begun in the name of Jesus, I soon felt as it were the fetters loosening, and the old hardness of heart softening, and, as I thought, mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within me. This engendered confidence in my soul in the promise of the Holy Ghost. I felt my whole mind relieved from some great bondage: tears flowed copiously, and I was constrained to cry out for the gracious visits of God, by restoring to my soul the joy of his salvation; and that he would visit the churches in Anglesea, that were under my care. I embraced in my supplications all the churches of the saints, and nearly all the ministers in the principality by their names. This struggle lasted for three hours: it rose again and again, like one wave after another, or a high flowing tide, driven by a strong wind, until my nature became faint by weeping and crying. Thus I resigned myself to Christ, body and soul, gifts and labours—all my life—every day and every hour that remained for me;—and all my cares I committed to Christ.—The road was mountainous and lonely, and I was

wholly alone, and suffered no interruption in my wrestlings with God.

‘From this time, I was made to expect the goodness of God to churches and to myself. Thus the Lord delivered me and the people of Anglesea from being carried away by the flood of Sandemanianism. In the first religious meetings after this, I felt as if I had been removed from the cold and sterile regions of spiritual frost, into the verdant fields of the divine promises. The former striving with God in prayer, and the longing anxiety for the conversion of sinners, which I had experienced at Lleyn, was now restored. *I had a hold of the promises of God.* The result was, when I returned home, the first thing that arrested my attention was, that the Spirit was working also in the brethren in Anglesea, inducing in them a spirit of prayer, especially in two of the deacons, who were particularly importunate that God would visit us in mercy, and render the word of his grace effectual amongst us for the conversion of sinners.’

Our readers will be interested in reading the solemn covenants entered into with God from time to time. Our preacher represented a time and a state of things when such affairs of the heart took place. We will also beg them to notice those passages we have printed in italics, as showing the especial care and anxiety of his heart:—

‘I. I give my soul and body unto thee, Jesus, the true God, and everlasting life—deliver me from sin, and from eternal death, and bring me into life everlasting. Amen.—C. E.

‘II. I call the day, the sun, the earth, the trees, the stones, the bed, the table, and the books, to witness that I come unto thee, Redeemer of sinners, that I may obtain rest for my soul from the thunders of guilt and the dread of eternity. Amen.—C. E.

‘III. I do, through confidence in thy power, earnestly entreat thee to take the work into thine own hand, and give me a circumcised heart, that I may love thee, and create in me a right spirit, that I may seek thy glory. Grant me that principle which thou wilt own in the day of judgment, that I may not then assume pale-facedness, and find myself a hypocrite. Grant me this, for the sake of thy most precious blood. Amen.—C. E.

‘IV. I entreat thee, Jesus, the son of God, in power, grant me, for the sake of thy agonising death, a covenant-interest in thy blood, which cleanseth; in thy righteousness, which justifieth; and in thy redemption, which delivereth. I entreat an interest in thy blood, for thy *blood's* sake, and a part in thee, for thy name's sake, which thou hast given among men. Amen.—C. E.

‘V. O Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, take, for the sake of thy cruel death, my time, and strength, and the gifts and talents I possess; which, with a full purpose of heart, I consecrate to thy glory in the building up of thy church in the world, for thou art worthy of the hearts and talents of all men. Amen.—C. E.

‘VI. I desire thee, my great High Priest, to confirm, by thy power, from thy High Court, my *usefulness as a preacher, and my piety as a Christian, as two gardens nigh to each other*; that sin may not have place in my heart, to becloud my confidence in thy righteousness, and that I may not be left to any foolish act that may occasion my gifts to wither, and rendered useless before my life ends. Keep thy gracious eye upon me, and watch over me, O my Lord, and my God for ever! Amen.—C. E.

‘VII. I give myself in a particular manner to thee, O Jesus Christ, the Saviour, to be preserved from the falls into which many stumble, that thy name (in thy cause) may not be blasphemed or wounded, that my peace may not be injured, that thy people may not be grieved, and that thine enemies may not be hardened. Amen—C. E.

‘VIII. I come unto thee, beseeching thee to be in covenant with me in my ministry. As thou didst prosper Bunyan, Vavasor Powell, Howell Harris, Rowlands, and Whitefield, O do thou prosper me. Whatsoever things are opposed to my prosperity, remove them out of the way. Work in me every thing approved of God, for the attainment of this. Give me a heart “sick of love” to thyself, and to the souls of men. Grant that I may experience the power of thy word before I deliver it, as Moses felt the power of his own rod, before he saw it on the land and waters of Egypt. Grant this, for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood, O Jesus, my hope, and my all in all! Amen.—C. E.

‘IX. Search me now, and lead me in plain paths of judgment. Let me discover in this life what I am before thee, that I may not find myself of another character, when I am shown in the light of the immortal world, and open my eyes in all the brightness of eternity. Wash me in thy redeeming blood. Amen.—C. E.

‘X. Grant me strength to depend upon thee for food and raiment, and to make known my requests. *O let thy care be over me as a covenant-privilege betwixt thee and myself, and not like a general care to feed the ravens that perish, and clothe the lily that is cast into the oven; but let thy care be over me as one of thy family, as one of thine unworthy brethren.* Amen.—C. E.

‘XI. Grant, O Jesus! and take upon thyself the preparing of me for death, for thou art God; there is no need, but for thee to speak the word. If possible, thy will be done; leave me not long in affliction, nor to die suddenly, without bidding adieu to my brethren, and let me die in their sight, after a short illness. Let all things be ordered against the day of removing from one world to another, that there be no confusion nor disorder, but a quiet discharge in peace. O grant me this, for the sake of thine agony in the garden! Amen.—C. E.

‘XII. Grant, O blessed Lord! that nothing may grow and be matured in me, to occasion thee to cast me off from the service of the sanctuary, like the sons of Eli; and for the sake of thine unbounded merit, let not my days be longer than my usefulness. O let me not

be like lumber in a house in the end of my days,—in the way of others to work. Amen.—C. E.

'XIII. I beseech thee, O Redeemer! to present these my supplications before the Father: and O! inscribe them in thy book with thine own immortal pen, while I am writing them with my mortal hand, in my book on earth. According to the depths of thy merit, thine undiminished grace, and thy compassion, and thy manner unto thy people, O! attach thy name, in thine upper court, to these unworthy petitions; and set thine amen to them, as I do on my part of the covenant. Amen.—CHRISTMAS EVANS, Llangevni, Anglesea, April 10, 18—.'

No wonder, after so solemn and affecting a transaction as this, Mr. Evans says, 'I felt a sweet peace and tranquillity of soul.' Nor do we wonder that beneath the power of such a life he increased churches by scores and members by many hundreds.

The sermons of Christmas Evans can only be known through the medium of translation. They perhaps do not suffer as most translations suffer; but the rendering in English is feeble in comparison with the nervous, bony, and muscular Welch language. The sermons, however, clearly reveal the man; they reveal the fulness and flow of his mind; they abound in instructive thoughts; their building and structure is always good; and many of the passages, and even several of the sermons, might be taken as models for strong and effective pulpit oratory. Like all the preachers of his day, and order of mind and peculiarity of theological sentiment and training, his usage of the imagery of Scripture was remarkably free; his use also of texts often was as significant and suggestive as it was certainly original. No doubt for the appreciation of his purpose and his power in the larger degree, he needed an audience well acquainted with Scripture, and sympathetic in an eminent degree with the mind of the preacher. There seem to have been periods and moments when his mind soared aloft into some of the highest fields of truth and emotion. Yet his wing never seemed little or pretty in its flight. There was the firmness and strength of the beat of a noble eagle. Some eloquence sings, some sounds; in one we hear the voice of a bird hovering in the air, in the other we listen to the thunder of the plume; the eloquence of Christmas Evans was of the latter order.

But our preacher has often been called the Bunyan of Wales—the Bunyan of the pulpit. In some measure the epithet does designate him; he was a great master of parabolic similitude and comparison. This is a kind of preaching ever eminently popular with the multitude; it requires rather a redundancy of fancy than imagination—perhaps a mind considerably disciplined

and educated would be unable to indulge in such exercises—a self-possession balanced by ignorance of many of the canons of taste, or utterly oblivious and careless of them ; for this is a kind of teaching of which we hear very little. Now we have not one preacher in England who would perhaps dare to use or who could use well the parabolic style. This was the especial power of Christmas Evans. He excelled in personification ; he would seem frequently to have been mastered by this faculty. The abstractions of thought, the disembodied phantoms of another world came clothed in form, and feature, and colour,—at his bidding they came.

‘ Ghostly shapes
Met him at noontide ; fear, and trembling hope,
Silence, and foresight ; Death the skeleton,
And Time the shadow.’

Thus he frequently astounded his congregations by pouring round his subject not merely the varied hues of light or shade, but by the defined shapes and realizations he gave to the eye. We do not wonder to hear him say, ‘ If I only entered the pulpit I felt raised as it were to Paradise—above my afflictions, until I forgot my adversity ; yea, I felt my mountain strong. I said to a brother once, “ Brother, the doctrine, the confidence, and strength I feel will make persons dance with joy in some parts of Wales.” “ Yea, brother,” said he, with tears flowing down his eyes.’ He was visited by remarkable dreams. Once, previous to a time of great refreshing, he dreamt :—

‘ He thought he was in the church at Caerphilly, and found many harps hanging about the pulpit, wrapped in coverings of green. “ Then,” said he, “ I will take down the harps of heaven in this place.” In removing the covering, he found the ark of the covenant, inscribed with the name of Jehovah. Then he cried, “ Brethren, the Lord has come to us, according to his promise, and in answer to our prayers.” In that very place, he shortly afterward had the satisfaction of receiving one hundred and forty converts into the church, as the fruit of his ministry.’

As we have said, nothing can well illustrate on paper the power of the orator’s speech, but the following may serve as in some measure illustrating his method :—

THE GOSPEL MOULD.

‘ I compare such preachers to a miner, who should go to the quarry where he raised the ore, and taking his sledge in his hand, should endeavour to form bars of iron of the ore in its rough state, without a furnace to melt it, or a rolling-mill to roll it out, or moulds to cast the metal, and conform the casts to their patterns. The gospel is like

a form or mould, and sinners are to be melted, as it were, and cast into it. "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you,"* or into which you were delivered, as is the marginal reading, so that your hearts ran into the mould. Evangelical preachers have, in the name of Christ, a mould or form to cast the minds of men into; as Solomon, the vessels of the temple. The Sadducees and Pharisees had their forms, and legal preachers have their forms; but evangelical preachers should bring with them the "form of sound words," so that, if the hearers believe, or are melted into it, Christ may be formed in their hearts—then they will be as born of the truth, and the image of the truth will appear in their sentiments and experience, and in their conduct in the church, in the family, and in the neighbourhood. Preachers without the mould, are all those who do not preach all the points of the gospel of the grace of God.'

THE MAN IN THE STEEL HOUSE.

'A man in a trance saw himself locked up in a house of steel, through the walls of which, as through walls of glass, he could see his enemies assailing him with swords, spears, and bayonets; but his life was safe, for his fortress was locked within. So is the Christian secure amid the assaults of the world. His "life is hid with Christ in God."

'The Psalmist prayed—"When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Imagine a man seated on a lofty rock in the midst of the sea, where he has every thing necessary for his support, shelter, safety, and comfort. The billows heave and break beneath him, and the hungry monsters of the deep wait to devour him; but he is on high, above the rage of the former, and the reach of the latter. Such is the security of faith.

'But why need I mention the rock and the steel house? for the peace that is in Christ is a tower ten thousand times stronger, and a refuge ten thousand times safer. Behold the disciples of Jesus exposed to famine, nakedness, peril, and sword—incarcerated in dungeons; thrown to wild beasts; consumed in the fire; sawn asunder; cruelly mocked and scourged; driven from friends and home, to wander among the mountains, and lodge in dens and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; sorrowful, but always rejoicing; cast down, but not destroyed; an ocean of peace within, which swallows up all their sufferings.

'"Neither death," with all its terrors; "nor life," with all its allurements; "nor things present," with all their pleasure; "nor things to come," with all their promise; "nor height" of prosperity; "nor depth" of adversity; "nor angels" of evil; "nor principalities" of darkness; "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though

* Rom. vi. 17.

the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled—though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” This is the language of strong faith in the peace of Christ. How is it with you amid such turmoil and commotion? Is all peaceful within? Do you feel secure in the name of the Lord, as in a strong fortress—as in a city well supplied and defended?

“There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early.” “Unto the upright, there ariseth light in the darkness.” The bright and morning star, shining upon their pathway, cheers them in their journey home to their Father’s house. And when they come to pass over Jordan, the Sun of Righteousness shall have risen upon them, with healing in his wings. Already they see the tops of the mountains of immortality, gilded with his beams, beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Behold, yonder, old Simeon hoisting his sails, and saying—“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” Such is the peace of Jesus, sealed to all them that believe, by the blood of his cross.

‘When we walk through the field of battle, slippery with blood, and strewn with the bodies of the slain—when we hear the shrieks and the groans of the wounded and the dying—when we see the country wasted, cities burned, houses pillaged, widows and orphans wailing in the track of the victorious army, we cannot help exclaiming—O, what a blessing is peace! When we are obliged to witness family turmoils and strifes—when we see parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, husbands and wives, contending with each other like tigers—we retire as from a smoky house, and exclaim as we go—O, what a blessing is peace! When duty calls us into that church, where envy and malice prevail, and the spirit of harmony is supplanted by discord and contention—when we see brethren, who ought to be bound together in love, full of pride, hatred, confusion, and every evil work—we quit the unhallowed scene with painful feelings of repulsion, repeating the exclamation—O, what a blessing is peace!

‘But how much more precious in the case of the awakened sinner! See him standing, terror-stricken, before Mount Sinai. Thunders roll above him—lightnings flash around him—the earth trembles beneath him, as if ready to open her mouth and swallow him up. The sound of the trumpet rings through his soul—“Guilty! guilty! guilty!” Pale and trembling, he looks eagerly around him, and sees nothing but revelations of wrath. Overwhelmed with fear and dismay, he cries out—“O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me! What shall I do?” A voice reaches his ear—penetrates his heart—“Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!” He turns his eye to Calvary. Wondrous vision! Emmanuel expiring upon the cross! the sinner’s Substitute satisfying the

demand of the law against the sinner! Now all his fears are hushed, and rivers of peace flow into his soul. This is the peace of Christ.

'How precious is this peace, amid all the dark vicissitudes of life! How invaluable this jewel, through all the dangers of the wilderness! How cheering to know that Jesus, who hath loved us even unto death, is the pilot of our perilous voyage; that he rules the winds and the waves, and can hush them to silence at his will, and bring the frailest bark of faith to the desired haven! Trusting where he cannot trace his Master's footsteps, the disciple is joyful amid the darkest dispensations of Divine Providence; turning all his sorrows into songs, and all his tribulations into triumphs. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."'

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

'In this world, every man receives according to his faith; in the world to come, every man shall receive according to his works. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Their works do not go before them to divide the river Jordan, and open the gates of heaven. This is done by their faith. But their works are left behind, as if done up in a packet, on this side of the river. John saw the great white throne descending for judgment, the Son of Man sitting thereon, and all nations gathered before him. He is dividing the righteous from the wicked, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. The wicked are set on the left-hand, and the awful sentence is pronounced—"Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" But the righteous are placed on the right-hand, to hear the joyful welcome—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!" The books are opened, and Mercy presents the packets that were left on the other side of Jordan. They are all opened, and the books are read wherein all their acts of benevolence and virtue are recorded. Justice examines the several packets, and answers—"All right. Here they are. Thus it is written—"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." The righteous look upon each other with wonder, and answer—"Those packets must belong to others. We knew nothing of all that. We recollect the wormwood and the gall. We recollect the straight gate, the narrow way, and the Slough of Despond. We recollect the heavy burden that pressed so hard upon us, and how it fell from our shoulders at the sight of the cross. We recollect the time when the eyes of our minds were opened, to behold the evil of sin, the depravity of our hearts, and the excellency of our Redeemer. We recollect the time when our stubborn wills were subdued in the day of his power, so that we were enabled both to will and to do of

his good pleasure. We recollect the time when we obtained hope in the merit of Christ, and felt the efficacy of his blood applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit. And we shall never forget the time when we first experienced the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. O, how sweetly and powerfully it constrained us to love him, his cause, and his ordinances! How we panted after communion and fellowship with him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks! All this, and a thousand other things, are as fresh in our memory as ever. But we recollect nothing of those bundles of good works. Where was it? Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee; or thirsty, and gave thee drink; or a stranger, and took thee in; or naked, and clothed thee? We have no more recollection than the dead, of ever having visited thee in prison, or ministered to thee in sickness. Surely, those bundles cannot belong to us." Mercy replies—"Yes, verily, they belong to you; for your names are upon them; and besides, they have not been out of my hands since you left them on the stormy banks of Jordan." And the King answers—"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

'If the righteous do not know their own good works; if they do not recognise, in the sheaves which they reap at the resurrection, the seed which they have sown in tears on earth, they certainly cannot make these things the foundation of their hopes of heaven. Christ crucified is their sole dependence for acceptance with God, in time and in eternity. Christ crucified is the great object of their faith, and the centre of their affections; and while their love to him prompts them to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world, they cordially exclaim—"Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, give glory!"'

CHRIST THE CEDAR OF THE FOREST.

'This cedar not only beautifies the forest, but also affords shade and shelter for the fowls of the air. We have the same idea in the parable of the mustard-seed:—"the birds of the air came and lodged in the branches thereof." This is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the Shiloh:—"to him shall the gathering of the people be." It is the drawing of sinners to Christ; and the union of believers with God.

"All fowl of every wing." Sinners of every age and every degree—sinners of all languages, colours, and climes—sinners of all principles, customs, and habits—sinners whose crimes are of the blackest hue—sinners carrying about them the savour of the brimstone of hell—sinners deserving eternal damnation—sinners perishing for lack of knowledge—sinners pierced by the arrows of conviction—sinners ready to sink under the burden of sin—sinners overwhelmed with terror and despair—are seen flying to Christ as a cloud, and as doves to their windows—moving to the ark of mercy before the door is shut—seeking rest in the shadow of this goodly cedar!'

Mr. Evans was very fond of the use of the Old Testament

Scriptures in their more spiritual relations. The following extract will not perhaps be acceptable to the taste of all readers, but it is an illustration of Mr. Evans' very natural style:—

THE HIND OF THE MORNING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

'It is generally admitted, that the twenty-second psalm has particular reference to Christ. This is evident from his own appropriation of the first verse upon the cross:—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The title of that psalm is—"Aijeleth Shahar;" which signifies—A hart, or—the hind of the morning. The striking metaphors which it contains are descriptive of Messiah's peculiar sufferings. He is the hart, or hind of the morning, hunted by the black prince, with his hell-hounds—by Satan, and all his allies. The "dogs," the "lions," the "unicorns," and the "strong bulls of Bashan," with their devouring teeth, and their terrible horns, pursued him from Bethlehem to Calvary. They beset him in the manger, gnashed upon him in the garden, and wellnigh tore him to pieces upon the cross. And still they persecute him in his cause, and in the persons and interests of his people.

'The faith of the church anticipated the coming of Christ, "like a roe or a young hart," with the dawn of the day promised in Eden; and we hear her exclaiming in the Canticles—"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills!" She heard him announce his advent in the promise—"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" and with prophetic eye, saw him leaping from the mountains of eternity to the mountains of time, and skipping from hill to hill throughout the land of Palestine, going about doing good. In the various types and shadows of the law, she beheld him "standing by the wall, looking forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice;" and then she sung—"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like the roe or the young hart upon the mountains of Bether!" Bloody sacrifices revealed him to her view, going down to the "vineyards of red wine;" whence she traced him to the meadows of gospel ordinances, where "he feedeth among the lilies"—to "the gardens of cucumbers," and "the beds of spices;" and then she sung to him again—"Make haste"—or, flee away—"my beloved! be thou like the roe or the young hart upon the mountains of spices!"

'Thus she longed to see him, first "on the mountain of Bether," and then "on the mountain of spices." On both mountains she saw him eighteen hundred years ago, and on both she may still trace the footsteps of his majesty and his mercy. The former he hath tracked with his own blood, and his path upon the latter is redolent of frankincense and myrrh.

'Bether signifies division. This is the craggy mountain of Calvary; whither the "Hind of the morning" fled followed by all the wild beasts of the forest, and the hunting-dogs of hell, summoned to the pursuit, and urged on, by the prince of perdition; till the

victim, in his agony, sweat great drops of blood—where he was terribly crushed between the cliffs, and dreadfully mangled by sharp and ragged rocks—where he was seized by Death, the great greyhound of the bottomless pit—whence he leaped the precipice, without breaking a bone; and sunk in the dead sea, sunk to its utmost depth, and saw no corruption.

‘Behold the “Hind of the morning” on that dreadful mountain! It is the place of skulls, where death holds his carnival in companionship with worms, and hell laughs in the face of heaven. Dark storms are gathering there—convolving clouds, charged with no common wrath. Terrors set themselves in battle-array before the Son of God; and tempests burst upon him, which might sweep all mankind in a moment to eternal ruin. Hark! hear ye not the subterranean thunder? Feel ye not the tremour of the mountain? It is the shock of Satan’s artillery, playing upon the Captain of our salvation. It is the explosion of the magazine of vengeance. Lo, the earth is quaking, the rocks are rending, the graves are opening, the dead are rising, and all nature stands aghast at the conflict of divine mercy with the powers of darkness. One dread convulsion more, one cry of desperate agony, and Jesus dies—an arrow has entered into his heart. Now leap the lions, roaring, upon their prey; and the bulls of Bashan are bellowing; and the dogs of perdition are barking; and the unicorns toss their horns on high; and the devil, dancing with exultant joy, clanks his iron chains, and thrusts up his fettered hands in defiance toward the face of Jehovah!’

‘Go a little farther upon the mountain, and you come to “a new tomb hewn out of the rock.” There lies a dead body. It is the body of Jesus. His disciples have laid it down in sorrow, and returned weeping to the city. Mary’s heart is broken, Peter’s zeal is quenched in tears, and John would fain lie down and die in his Master’s grave. The sepulchre is closed up and sealed, and a Roman sentry placed at its entrance. On the morning of the third day, while it is yet dark, two or three women come to anoint the body. They are debating about the great stone at the mouth of the cave. “Who shall roll it away?” says one of them. “Pity we did not bring Peter or John with us.” But arriving, they find the stone already rolled away, and one sitting upon it, whose countenance is like lightning, and whose garments are white as the light. The steel-clad, iron-hearted soldiers lie around him, like men slain in battle, having swooned with terror. He speaks:—“Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; he is risen; he is gone forth from this cave victoriously.”

‘It is even so! for there are the shroud, and the napkin, and the heavenly watchers; and when he awoke, and cast off his grave-clothes, the earthquake was felt in the city, and jarred the gates of hell. “The Hind of the morning” is up earlier than any of his pursuers, “leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills.” He is seen first with Mary at the tomb; then with the disciples in Jerusalem; then with two of them on the way to Emmaus;

then going before his brethren into Galilee; and finally, leaping from the top of Olivet to the hills of Paradise; fleeing away to "the mountains of spices," were he shall never more be hunted by the black prince and his hounds.

'Christ is perfect master of gravitation, and all the laws of nature are obedient to his will. Once he walked upon the water, as if it were marble beneath his feet; and now, as he stands blessing his people, the glorious form so recently nailed to the cross, and still more recently cold in the grave, begins to ascend like "the living creature" in Ezekiel's vision, "lifted up from the earth," till nearly out of sight; when "the chariots of God, even thousands of angels," receive him, and haste to the celestial city, waking the thrones of eternity with this jubilant chorus—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors! and the King of glory shall come in!"'

'The Journey for the Young Child' was one of the most effective of Mr. Evans' parables, even in spite of the anachronism, for so it must be regarded at the close.

'Herod said to the wise men, "Go and search diligently for the young child." The magi immediately commenced their inquiries, according to the instructions they received. I see them approaching some village, and when they come to the gate they inquire, "Do you know anything of the young child?" The gateman comes to the door; and, supposing them to have asked the amount of the toll, says, "O, three halfpence an ass is to pay." "We do not ask what is to pay," reply they, "but, do you know anything of the young child." "No; I know nothing in the world," answers he; "but there is a blacksmith's shop a little farther on; inquire there, and you will be very likely to obtain some intelligence concerning him."

'The wise men proceed, and when they come to the blacksmith's shop, they ask, "Do you know anything of the young child?" A harsh voice answers, "There is no such thing possible for you, as having the asses shod now; you shall in two hours hence." "We do not ask you to shoe the asses," say they; "but inquire for the young child, if you know anything of him?" "Nothing in the world," says the blacksmith; "but inquire at the tavern that is on your road, and probably you may hear something of him there."

"On they go, and stand opposite the door of the tavern, and cry, "Do you know any thing of the young child?" The landlord, thinking they call for porter, bids the servant attend, saying, "Go, girl; go with a quart of porter to the strangers." "We do not ask for either porter or ale," say the wise men; "but something about the young child that is born." "I know nothing in the world of him," says the landlord; "but turn to the shop on the left hand; the shopkeeper reads all the papers, and you will be likely to hear something respecting him there."

'They proceed accordingly towards the shop, and repeat their inquiry, "Do you know any thing of the young child, here?" The shopkeeper says to his apprentice, "Reach half a quarter of tobacco to the strangers." "We do not ask for tobacco," say the wise men: "but for some intelligence of the young child." "I do not know any thing of him," replies the shopkeeper; "but there is an old Rabbi living in the upper end of the village; call on him, and very probably he will give you all the information you desire respecting the object of your search."

'They immediately direct their course towards the house of the Rabbi; and having reached it, they knock at the door; and being admitted into his presence, they ask him if he knows anything of the young child. "Come in," says he; and when they have entered and are seated, the Rabbi refers to his books and chronicles, and says he to the wise men, "There is something wonderful about to take place; some remarkable person has been or is to be born; but the best thing for you is to go down yonder street; there is living there, by the river side, the son of an old priest; you will be sure to know all of him."

'Having bid the old Rabbi a respectful farewell, on they go; and reaching the river's side, they inquire of the by-standers for the son of the old priest. Immediately he is pointed out to them. There is a "raiment of camel's hair about him, and a leathern girdle about his loins." They ask him if he knows anything of the young child. "Yes," says he, "there he is: behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world! There he is; he will bruise the dragon's head, and bring in everlasting righteousness to every one that believeth in his name."

He was wont thus to describe the four 'Varieties of Preaching':—

'I perceive four strong men on their journey toward Lazarus' grave, for the purpose of raising him to life. One of them, who is eminent for his piety, says, "I will descend into the grave, and will take with me a bowl of the salt of duties, and will rub him well with the sponge of natural ability." He enters the grave, and commences his rubbing process. I watch his operations at a distance, and after a while inquire, "Well, are there any symptoms of life there? Does he arise, does he breathe, my brother?" "No such thing," replies he, "he is still quiet, and I cannot salt him to *will*—and besides this, his smell is rather heavy."

"Well," says the second, "come you out; I was afraid that your means would not answer the purpose; let me enter the grave." The second enters, carrying in his hand a whip of the scorpions of threatening; and, says he, "I will make him feel." He directs his scorpion and fiery ministry at the dead corpse; but in vain, and I hear him crying out, "All is unsuccessful; dead he is after all."

'Says the third, "Make room for me to enter, and I will see if I

cannot bring him to life." He enters the grave, and takes with him a musical pipe; it is melodious as the song of love; but there is no dancing in the grave.

'The fourth says, "Means of themselves can effect nothing, but I will go for Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life." Immediately he leaves to seek for Christ, and speedily returns, accompanied by the Saviour. And when the Lord came, he stands in the door of the sepulchre, and cries out, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead body is instantaneously instinct with life.

'Let our confidence be in the voice of the Son of God. And let us turn our faces toward the wind, and say, "O breath, come from the four winds, and breathe up in these slain, that they may live!"'

And the following, 'Entering the Port,' must have been effective:—

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Pet. i. 11.—This language seems to be borrowed from the case of a ship bringing her passengers to port on a pleasant afternoon, her sails all white and whole, and her flags majestically waving in the breeze; while the relatives of those on board ascend the high places, to see their brothers and their sisters returning home in safety from the stormy main. How pleasant to a man who is about to emigrate to the new world, America, when he meets with someone that has been there, and who is well acquainted with the coast, knows the best landing-place, and will accompany him on his passage. "Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He who passed through death himself, and is Lord of the sea, is our High-priest; and, with his priestly vestments on, he will stand in Jordan's current till the feeblest in all the tribes shall be safely landed on Canaan's shore. How delightful must be the feelings of the dying Christian, the testimony of whose conscience unites with the witness of the spirit, to assure him that Jesus has paid his fare: and who knows he carries in his hand the white stone with the new name, to be exhibited on the pier-head, the other side, hard by his Father's house. This is an abundant entrance, on a fair day, over a fine sea, with a pleasant breeze swelling every sail. "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

'O how different the entrance ministered to the careless professor—the fruitless and idle—who keeps his hand in his bosom, or leaning upon his implements! Though he may reach the shore with his life, it will be at midnight, surrounded by roaring tempests, full of bitter remembrances and most tormenting fears. Yet, with tattered sails and broken ropes, peradventure he may gain the port; "for the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever." But who shall describe the condition of the ungodly, driven out to sea in all their wickedness; not even allowed a quarantine within sight of the

heavenly Jerusalem, but obliged to drift about, dismantled and disabled, amid the darkness of eternal storms! Oh! to be forced from their moorings at midnight, when they cannot see a handbreadth before them; the thunders rolling; the lightnings flashing; strange voices of wrath mingling with every blast; and the great bell of eternity tolling a funeral knell for the lost soul, through all its dismal, and solitary, and everlasting voyage! Let us flee for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us, which hope is as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, grasping the Rock of Ages within the vail!

THE BEAM.

‘Then I saw the beam of a great scale; one end descending to the abyss, borne down by the power of the atonement; the other ascending to the heaven of heavens, and lifting up the prisoners of the tomb. Wonderful scheme! Christ condemned for our justification; forsaken of his Father, that we might enjoy his fellowship; passing under the curse of the law, to bear it away from the believer for ever! This is the great scale of redemption. As one end of the beam falls under the load of our sins, which were laid on Christ; the other rises, bearing the basket of mercy, full of pardons, and blessings, and hopes. “He who knew no sin was made sin for us”—that is his end of the beam; “that we might be made the righteousness of God in him”—this is ours. “Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor”—there goes his end down; “that we, through his poverty, might be rich”—here comes ours up.’

From these extracts it will be seen that Christmas Evans excelled in the use of parable in the pulpit. Sometimes he wrought this mine like a very Bunyan, and we believe no published accounts of these sermons in Welch, and certainly none that we have translated into English give any idea of his power. With what amazing effect some of his sermons would tell on the vast audiences which in these days gather together in London, and in our great towns! This method of instruction is now usually regarded as in bad taste; it does not seem to be sanctioned by the great rules and masters of oratorical art. If a man could create a ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and recite it, it would be found to be a very doubtful article by the rhetorical sanhedrim. Yet our Lord used this very method, and without using some such method—anecdote or illustration—it is doubtful whether any strong hold can be had of the lower orders of mind. Our preacher entered into the spirit of Scripture parable and narrative. One of the most famous of his discourses is that on the Demoniac of Gadara; some of our readers will be shocked to know that in the course of some of his descriptions in it he convulsed his audience with laughter in the commencement. Well, he need not be imitated there;—but he held it sufficiently subdued before the close, and

an alternation of tears and raptures not only testified to his powers but to his skill in giving a reading of the narrative. For the purpose of producing effect,—and we mean by effect, visible results in crushed and humbled hearts, and transformed lives,—it would be a curious thing to try in England the preaching of some of the great Welchman's sermons. What would be the effect upon any audience of that great picture of the churchyard-world, and the mighty controversy between Justice and Mercy? Let it be admitted that there are some things in it, perhaps many, that it would not demand a severe taste to expel from the picture, but take it as the broad, bold painting of a man not highly educated,—indeed, highly educated men, as we have said, could not perform such things; a highly educated man could never have written the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'—let it be remembered that it was delivered to men, perhaps we should say rather educated than instructed; men illiterate in all things *except* the Bible. We ourselves have in some very large congregations tried the preaching of one of the most famous of Evans's sermons, 'The Spirit walking in dry places, seeking rest and finding none'—we find it in Mr. Cross's volume; but our version of it was received from the lips of those who listened to it among the mountains of Wales. The version in the volume before us seems to be but a poor caricature of the reality. Christmas Evans' preaching was by no means defective in the bone and muscle of thought and pulpit arrangement; but no doubt herein lay his great forte and power,—he could paint soul-subduing pictures. They were not pieces of mere word painting, they were bathed in emotion, they were penetrated by deep knowledge of the human heart. He went into the pulpit mighty, from lonely wrestlings with God in mountain travellings; he went among his fellow men, his audiences, strong in his faith in the reality of those covenants with God, whose history and character we have already presented to our readers. There was much in his preaching of that order which is so mighty in speech, but which loses so much, or which seems to acquire such additional coarseness, when it is presented to the eye. Preachers live too much now in the presence of published sermons, to be in the highest degree effective. He who thinks of the printing press cannot abandon himself. He who uses his notes slavishly cannot abandon himself; and without abandonment what is oratory? what is action? what is passion? If we were asked what are the two greatest human aids to pulpit power, we should say Self-Possession and Self-Abandonment; and the two are perfectly compatible; and in the pulpit the one is never powerful without the other. Knowledge, Belief, Preparation, these give self-possession; and Earnest-

ness and Unconsciousness, these give self-abandonment. The first without the last may make a preacher like a stony pillar, covered with Runes and hieroglyphics; and the last without the first may make a mere fanatic, with a torrent of speech, plunging lawlessly and disgracefully abroad. The two in combination in a noble-man and teacher become sublime. Perhaps they reached their highest realization among us in Robertson of Brighton. In another, and certainly inferior, order of mind, they were nobly realised in the subject of this sketch.

Late in life Mr. Evans found himself much troubled, and, in consequence of some affairs in connection with his chapel, even in danger of legal prosecution; but his case in this matter he very simply carried to the Lord in words of great simplicity and faith, which, however, we cannot quote. And he made another covenant with God in some other circumstances of sadness. On his return from the village of Tongwynlais, in the vale of the Taff, coming over the mountain late in the evening, he says:—

“On the Caerphilly Mountain,” he says, returning from Tongwynlais, “the spirit of prayer fell upon me as it had once (when about to leave) in Anglesea. I wept and supplicated, and gave myself to Christ. I wept long, and besought Jesus Christ, and my heart poured forth the following requests before him on the mountain. I had the experience of great nearness to him, as though he had been by my side, and my mind was filled with great confidence that he heard me, for the sake of all the merits that are in his name.”

“This is the covenant on the Caerphilly Mountain; it was like Moriah to Abraham:—

“1. Give me the favour of being led according to thy will, by the intimations of thy providence and word, and the inclination of my mind by thy Spirit, for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood. Amen. C. E.

“2. Grant me that, if I am to leave Caerphilly, the gale of religious revival vouchsafed to me there, may follow me to Cardiff, for thy great name’s sake. Amen. C. E.

“3. Bless bitter things to brighten (burnish) me, and to revive me more and more; not to depress and deaden me. Amen. C. E.

“4. Permit me not to be trampled under foot by proud men, for thy goodness sake. Amen. C. E.

“5. Grant unto me the incalculable favour of being, in thy hand, the means of calling sinners unto thee, and of edifying saints, whithersoever thou sendest me, for thy name’s sake. Amen. C. E.

“6. If I am to stay at Caerphilly, give me a token as thou didst to Gideon of old, by removing the things that discourage me, and that hinder the continuance of prosperity there. Amen. C. E.

“7. May it please the Son of Glory and Head of the Church to preserve the ark of thy cause, which is thy own, in Anglesea and

at Caerphilly, from falling into the hands of the Philistines; reject it not, but speedily deliver it, and cause thy face to shine upon it; and by thy spirit, and word, and providence, bring about in those neighbourhoods and churches, such changes in the officers (of the churches), and such measures as will go to remedy the sources of evil to the great cause which thou diedst to establish in our world; and by dispersing those who delight in war; and by closing the mouths of those that subvert. Amen. C. E.

“8. May it please thee to give me tokens of the way before I go to Liverpool, and thence to Anglesea, if it be thy will that I should go thither this year. Amen. C. E.

“9. Grant me protection under the shade of the fellow-feeling which thou dost cherish towards those that are tempted, and the boundless power thou possessest for that purpose. Amen. C. E.

“10. Accept my thanksgivings a hundred millions of times, for that thou hast not hitherto thrown me out of thy hand, as a dark star, or a vessel in which thou hadst no delight; and permit not my life to survive my usefulness. Amen. C. E.—I thank thee for not abandoning me as a prey to any foe. Blessed be thy name.

“11. For the sake of thine infinite merits, subject not thy servant under the trappings of pride and injustice, riches and (worldly) greatness; or the selfish oppression of any man; but conceal me in the secret place of thy countenance from the strife of tongues. Amen. C. E.

“12. Help me to wait patiently for the fulfilment of these things, that I may not lose self-possession, yield to anger, and speak unadvisedly with my lips, as Moses. Preserve my heart from sinking, that I may look for new strength from Zion. Amen. C. E.

“13. Assist me to look unto thee for the necessities of life; let thy goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life. And as it hath pleased thee to put great honour upon me, in the great success with which my ministry was blessed at Caerphilly, after the peltings of the storm upon me in Anglesea, grant that this honour may continue to follow me to the end of my days, even as thou didst to thy servant Job.

“14. Let this covenant continue as a covenant of salt, until I come unto thee to eternity. I beseech thy help to resign myself entirely unto thee and thy will. I beseech thee to take my heart, and write upon it a reverence of thee, with thine own hand, whose inscriptions neither time nor eternity can obliterate. Oh, that the remainder of my sermons may be taken by thyself out of my lips! and those that I am engaged in writing (out), may they bring glory to thee, and not to me. To thee I dedicate them. If anything be to thy glory, and the service of thy kingdom, take charge of it, and make it known to men, otherwise let it perish even as the ‘drop of a bucket’ in the heat of Africa. O grant that a drop of that water, which thou alone canst impart, and ‘which springeth up into everlasting life,’ may run through all my sermons. In this my last covenant with thee upon earth, I put myself, my wife, and the

churches to which I have been administering. I commit all to the protection of thy grace.

"15. Let this covenant continue when I am ill, as well as when I am in health, and in all (possible) circumstances; for thou hast conquered the world; hast fulfilled the law; hast brought in the justifying righteousness; hast swallowed up death in victory; and hast now, in thy hands, all authority in heaven and on the earth. For the sake of thy most precious blood and perfect righteousness, register this covenant in the court of the remembrances of thy pardoning mercy; put to it thy name in which I believe, and I put my unworthy name to it to-day, with my mortal hand. Amen.

"April, 1829.

"CHRISTMAS EVANS."

We must draw our sketch to a close. Mr. Evans almost died in the pulpit, coming down the pulpit stairs in Swansea, on Monday, July 14th, 1838; he said in English loud enough to be heard by some present, "*this is my last sermon*," and it was so. He died in the triumphant manner which some are so glad to regard as the highest evidence of the divine life in the soul. "Preach Christ to the people, brethren," he said to the ministers standing round his bed; "look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin, but look at me in Christ, I am heaven and salvation." He added in a joyous strain four lines of a Welch hymn, then waving his hand, he said in English, "*Good-by, drive on!*" Was it another instance of the labour of life pervading by its master-idea the hour of death? For upwards of twenty years, "the one-eyed man of Anglesea" ("an eye, sir," said Robert Hall of that one eye, "that might light an army through a wilderness!")—for upwards of twenty years, as he had gone to and fro, his friends had given to him a gig that he might go at his ease his own way, with a horse which became very old in his master's service called Jack. He knew from a distance the very tones of his voice; with him Christmas Evans in long solitary journeys held many a long conversation; the horse opened his ears the moment his master began to speak, made a kind of neighing reply; then the rider said, as he often did, "Jack, *bach*, we have only to cross one low mountain again, and there will be capital oats, excellent water, and a warm stable." Thus while he was dying old mountain days came over his memory. "Good-by," said he, "drive on!"—they were his last words, he sank into a calm sleep and awoke no more.

II.

THE FINE ARTS IN ITALY CONSIDERED IN
RELATION TO RELIGION.*

FINE Arts—Italy! What a crowd of memories, thoughts, and speculations throngs about these words! the latter especially, the world-renowned name of a country now in its transition from despotism to liberty. To avoid being lost in it,—the crowd, we mean,—and wandering whither we have now no intention to wander, we shall hold M. Coquerel by the elbow, as firmly at least as people with their eyes wide open usually do when they get into some vortex of temptation, being resolved to speak, not of fine art at large, or of Italy in relation to the multitudinous questions which agitate society, both in and out of it at this time, but as closely as we can of one of ‘the fine arts in Italy,’ painting, and its relations to religion and Romanism.

Since 1856, however, when these letters were written, the changes which have set in throughout the Italian peninsula have so much augmented the interest of some of M. Coquerel’s pictures of society, especially in Naples and Tuscany, that much that in his volumes merely illustrates his views of art is invested with a higher political interest. We must, therefore, after noticing the former as the *pièce de resistance* of the feast he sets before us, devote a page or two to these more highly-seasoned *entremets*.

These letters—written some of them in the cities whence their matter is derived, others at home from notes made in Italy—first appeared in the *Lien*, a journal devoted to the interests of the reformed churches in France. They are thirteen in number, exclusive of the ‘conclusion,’ or summary of principles, and the appendix, and are the fruit of two visits to Italy. We quote the author’s reference to these journeys as conveying *in limine* an idea of the spirit which pervades his book.

* *Des Beaux Arts en Italie, au Point de Vue religieux : lettres écrites de Rome, Naples, Pise, &c. ; et suivies d’un Appendice sur l’Iconographie de l’Immaculée Conception.* Par Ath. Coquerel, fils., Pasteur Suffragant de l’Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris, Cherbuliez.

[*The Fine Arts in Italy, from the religious Point of View : in letters from Naples, &c. ; with an Appendix on the Iconography of the Immaculate Conception.* By Athanase Coquerel, jun., Suffragan Pastor of the Reformed Church in Paris.]

'I have seen Pisa twice, with some years' interval between my visits. The first time, arriving from the north, I had descended the Alps into Lombardy, passing through Venice and Bologna to Florence and Sienna, and embarked at Leghorn. The second time I was returning home from Naples and Rome, having intended to traverse that glorious land of Piedmont, where all the liberties [civil and religious] have found an asylum, and vindicate themselves at once by their progress and order, by their prosperity and glory [the last doubtless alludes to the intervention of the Piedmontese in the Crimean campaign], against the calumnies of fear, and the treasons of servility. Each time I said to myself when at Pisa, that it would be well to end my journey; that it was from this city, vanquished after four centuries and a half of rivalry by Florence, that I must bid adieu to ancient, feudal, and Catholic Italy' (p. 174).

Our author's views of art appear to accord, generally, with those of the late Mrs. Jameson, which have been so widely diffused by her 'Early Italian Painters,' 'Legends of the Madonna,' and other similar works. We should judge that he is well acquainted with her writings. He has, at the same time, the advantage of her in general information, though her knowledge of the objects of art and study of them was greater, more systematic, and more sustained than his appears to have been. He is also distinguished by his higher principle and greater freedom of judgment. With these differences, a follower of Mrs. Jameson, while he would find himself pretty well at home in conversing on religious art with M. Coquerel, might be raised a step or two in his æsthetic principles and ideas.

We could have wished that this book had followed the course of M. Coquerel's first journey rather than his second, though consisting as it does mainly of letters and notes written during the latter, its arrangement needs neither defence nor explanation. But the other method would have presented first the letter written from Pisa, which, as relating to earlier works than those which he saw in the other cities, would, we think, have been a better introduction to his subject. We shall at all events begin with it, and so drop down through Rome to Naples, and the social and political phenomena of that mercurial and turbulent capital.

Having briefly noticed the cathedral, 'peopled with historical souvenirs and works of art,' the church of *Santa Maria della Spina*, as 'in miniature a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture,' and the Museum, which offers, as he says, 'the most curious collection I have seen of pre-Raphaelite artists,' he then discourses of the far-famed cemetery of Pisa, and the treasures 'which it offers to the study of history, religion, and mediæval art.'

‘There is no one but is acquainted, in books and engravings at least, with the *Campo Santo*, the soil of which was, they say, brought from Jerusalem by Pisan sailors. This sacred field is enclosed within arcades, which are traced with the purest elegance of design and a fairy lightness. Behind these are vast roofed galleries, the long, high walls of which have been covered with pictures. These are immense compositions of a thousand figures, in which the most discordant scenes are thrown together, with no regard to proportion or even perspective. Some possess a real interest as works of art, others are below mediocrity even for their own time. Some are nearly invisible; others have been cut into anywhere to make room for the monument of some local celebrity or great *Signore*, the decayed remnant of Pisan nobility. As in the great *épopées*, there is here an entire age, but not evoked by the imagination of the poet, or resuscitated with infinite labour by the researches and conjectures of the antiquary. It is an age, or to speak truly, the middle ages, painted by themselves. In passing, never to return, along the high walls of the *Campo Santo*, these left their shadow there, their actual image, taken from the very life by the potent light of art.

‘The general impression made by this vast museum of death is of something enormous and mournful. One is overwhelmed by the feeling of hugeness, multiplicity, restlessness, effort without result. Human life, as the Catholic middle age conceived it, has nothing collective in it. That idea which our times exalt under the name of “humanity,” the idea of consolidation, of progress, of a general development in which all must take part, of a future amelioration which all must accelerate, is wanting to the artists of the Pisan cemetery. Every one for himself in this world, for good or for evil. The hermit in the desert, then in heaven; the voluptuary in his pleasures, then in hell. Responsibility reduced to a harsh and gloomy law, a law of penance and maceration; man a sinner, destined to suffer, and appeasing his angry God, and escaping an eternal hell only by making this world a provisional hell. For there is no more of love than of progress in this terrible theology. God is without pity. Jesus Christ is a judge not impassible but incensed; and the difference between angels and devils is that between the policeman who apprehends the criminal and the executioner who flogs and tortures him.

‘If God is love [*charité*], if Christianity is love [*amour*], if moral sanctification is its end, and pardon [*qu. atonement?*] the means, there is in it a religion very different from that of the *Campo Santo*’ (pp. 175—177).

M. Coquerel’s criticism deals, we see, with the religion of art. This is right. There is in the highest forms of art, in art itself as an exponent of human and divine feeling, something above academical proficiency, or what is usually so regarded, technical

power in composition, chiaroscuro, or colour. It is possible that we should not agree with M. Coquerel in all his critical judgments. The last paragraph will intimate to those acquainted with theology a ground of difference between us. Supposing that a previous question—that of the propriety of pictorial adornments in cemeteries—were decided in the affirmative, we might ask where, if not among the ashes of the dead, would striking representations of the eternal consequences of sin to the individual sinner be in place; and in justification of such representations properly treated, might point to our Lord's own parable of the rich man and Lazarus. But in the main we certainly agree with him. The spiritual world is invariably travestied and debased by the exaggerations of Catholic art, whether mediæval or since the renaissance; exaggerations which, if often the result of simple incapacity to conceive or suggest—we do not say represent—the truly spiritual, far too often originate in the desire to excite physical terror. Both are visible, not only in the frescoes of the Campo Santo, but almost everywhere where Romanism has sway. No one denies that Romanism is a religion, or that there is real religion among Romanists; history gives bright examples of it. But the Roman see is a hierarchy, and, unlike Christ's kingdom, of this world. Its aim is dominion and riches, and its means are terror and falsehood. The coffers of the Vatican have been filled, and its authority maintained, by intimidation and corruption of doctrine, by purgatory, by indulgences and pardons,—the commercial product of the supererogatory merits of the canonized, stored up by the successors of St. Peter for sale to the faithful, and, as the crown of all its lying but profitable wonders, by transubstantiation.

Our author describes more particularly Orcagna's two celebrated frescoes, *The Triumph of Death*, and *The Last Judgment*. We pass these descriptions as substantially the same with Kugler's in his *Hand-book of Painting*, and Mrs. Jameson's in her *Early Italian Painters*, which are probably in many of our readers' hands. Two brief passages, however, deserve notice, which give our author's comparative estimate of Orcagna's *Last Judgment*, and that of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel at Rome.

"At his (the Judge's) right hand, sits Mary, crowned, reigning over heaven and earth like Jesus, but mute, trembling, bending, and as it were, shrinking, in pity and horror at the sight of the punishment of the wicked. This figure also occurs in Michael Angelo's fresco, but more subordinate, placed below Jesus Christ, pressing towards him, without crown and without throne. Here the advantage is not with the painter of Pisa. Evidently, Mary holds a higher

and greater place in religion with this Catholic, who died in 1389, than she did with the Master who was contemporary with the Reformation, and lived till 1563. Since then Catholicism has receded to the middle age, and Orcagna has become more orthodox than Michael Angelo" (p. 183).

"Nothing, to our mind, better proves the religious superiority of the painters anterior to the great epoch of Art (the age of Raphael) than the contrast of this *Last Judgment* with that of Michael Angelo. Orcagna is much more Catholic, more Christian, more pious. He therefore rises much higher, if painting be nothing more, or other, than a language addressed to the soul. Michael Angelo is, on the contrary, much less touching, much more pagan [heathen], but as painter he is none the less superior. . . . Orcagna is a mystical artist who represents what he believes. Michael Angelo, a genius altogether free from mysticism, who treats a given subject with the display of marvellous ability, incredible power, and the anatomical science which, thanks to the prior of San Spirito, he had acquired by dissecting" (p. 186).

We have here the question of questions in pictorial art : What is the true domain of the painter ? a question which Frederic Schlegel was one of the first, if not to state correctly, at least to re-invest with its full significance. It has been far too common to think and speak of painting as if, like logic, its perfection were independent of the subject it was dealing with ; as if because when a man reasons logically, that is, accurately, upon a trivial question, his logic is as perfect as if the question were a great one ; so when the painter handles a trivial subject adequately, his art is as perfect as if his subject had been a great one. But the cases are not parallel. What logic looks to is quantity, or measurement : this must be exact ; the conclusion must be neither more nor less than the premises : and whether the measure be a nut-shell or a reservoir makes no difference ; if the liquid exactly fill it, and no more, the syllogism, that is, the logic, is as perfect as science or art can make it : the art has no more to do. But it is not so with painting. Take a picture of Netscher's or Terburg's ; put a piece of white satin over that lady's dress, you cannot tell at a little distance where the one covers the other. Or look, if you should be at Birmingham between now and January next, at that Bird's-nest of Hunt's, by the doorway into the water-colour room. Did you ever see anything more perfect in its kind ? You could put your finger into it, if it were not for the glass before it. The very birds might try to rob it of its lichens if it were in their way next spring. But what is it, notwithstanding, to Turner's drawing of Bamborough Castle in the same room ? You may not feel it *there*, probably will not, because of the unavoidable distraction occasioned by the surrounding pic-

tures. But if you could look at it alone, and in a proper light, you would not only see into the clouds, but, small as the scale is, would feel them drawing over you. This is because, in addition to truthfulness, there is sentiment. And yet this sentiment is very, very far below that which for three hundred and fifty years or more, has been expressed in the face of Mary in that marvellous *Pietà* of Francia's in our National Gallery. The soul of painting is expression; the treatment truly must also be perfect in order to a perfect painting; but as the most perfect treatment of the little does not make a great picture, so there may be the indications of greatness in a picture when from accident, from incompleteness, or even from the want of technical proficiency, the idea or feeling is imperfectly conveyed.

'It is in Tuscany,' as M. Coquerel says in the opening of his next chapter, 'that what the Catholic school possesses of seriousness or elevation should be sought for. Elsewhere we seldom meet with religious sentiment in the great painters. The chiefs of the great schools of Lombardy, Rome, Venice, &c., are rarely religious. It is, doubtless, impossible not to admire the profound adoration, the intense expression of devotion and ecstasy with which Titian has animated the infant cherubs, who are conveying Mary to heaven in the great *Assumption* of the Museum of Bologna. In other pictures we meet sometimes with fine heads, impressed with a living faith. But,' he adds, 'I have not found this sentiment habitual, and rendered in all its beauty, in all its power, except by the great Florentine painters, and best of all by the earliest of them.'

To Florence, indeed, belongs the glory of having more than any other city of Italy resuscitated the art of painting. Cimabue was a Florentine. His greater pupil, Giotto, learned his art in Florence, and exercised it for the most part in that city, where he died in 1336; and among his contemporaries and successors, we find, to name only the principal of them, the names of Andrea Orcagna, Taddeo Gaddi, Masaccio, the Frati Filippo Lippi and Angelico de Fiesole, Benozzo Gozzoli, Alessandro Botticelli, Fillipino Lippi, Luca Signorelli, Domenico, called Ghirlandajo, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto. From Cimabue, who was born in 1240, and made his first drawings in school, when he should have been learning other lessons, to the death of Michael Angelo, in 1560, elapse 320 years, a period which witnessed not only the birth and maturity, but also the first decline of this illustrious and ever memorable school. We shall notice a few of its steps.

With CIMABUE, its reputed founder, who died in 1302, and before whose time schools of painting had been established at

Sienna and Pisa by Greek artists, commenced the emancipation of Italy from Byzantine art. The improvements he introduced were not very great. A somewhat better design, and a little more animation and expression in his figures, constitute his superiority to the other painters of his age; works by two of whom—a *Madonna and Child*, life size, by Guido, of Sienna, dated 1221; and a *Crucifixion*, by Giunta, of Pisa, dated 1236—have come down to our time. His superiority was, however, so appreciated by others as well as by himself, that the following epitaph was inscribed upon his tomb in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in his native city.

Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere :
Sic tenuit vivens : nunc tenet astra poli.

‘Cimabue considered that in painting he held the field; so he did hold it while he lived, now he holds the stars of heaven.’

GIOTTO (dec. 1336), the shepherd boy whom Cimabue brought to Florence from the valley of Vespignano, was a much greater genius. Though his design was always hard, and he knew little or nothing of chiaroscuro, or perspective, he broke away from the established conventionality by drawing and painting from nature. One of his earliest works was that in the council chamber of Florence, in which occur the portraits of Dante, Bruetto Latini, and others, recovered in 1840, by Signor Bezzi. His composition and draperies are much in advance of his predecessors; and his representation of simple, natural attitude and action, as in the figure of the Sailor with his hand before his face, in the picture painted for Malatesta de Rimini, and that of a Man stooping to drink, in one of his frescoes in the church of Assisi, drew to him the admiration of his contemporaries. Dante, in his *Purgatorio*, evidently in allusion to the epitaph just quoted, thus asserts his superiority to Cimabue:—

‘Cimabue fancied that he held the field
In painting; but Giotto now’s the cry:
The fame of the old master is eclipsed.’

Of ORCAGNA, who flourished between 1340 and 1375, we have already spoken as the painter of two frescoes in the Campo Santo. These frescoes, which he repeated in the church of Santa Croce, characterise him sufficiently. He did not improve on Giotto, being far more conventional, and adhering to old traditions. He was, however, more of an architect and sculptor than a painter. Not so—

TADDEO GADDI, the godson and favourite pupil of Giotto. He painted in a larger style than his master, and his best works excel his in natural truth and beauty. No pictures of the time

deserve the same attention as Gaddi's. He was born, according to Vasari, in 1300, and was still living in 1366.

MASACCIO, born 1402, deceased 1443, like Giotto advanced his art. He was the pupil of Masolino da Panicale, who excelled for his time in knowledge of light and shade, but he owed probably as much or more to Lorenzo Ghiberti, the renowned artificer of the bronze gates of San Giovanni, whose works produced, among the artists of Italy, a much more fruitful study of form. Masaccio is said to have learned to draw when a mere boy from these magnificent works, and he thus developed that superiority of form, relief, and chiaroscuro, which his pictures exhibit over the best of the preceding century. Raphael's design may be traced up to Masaccio, if not in the actual borrowing from his figures (that is, supposing Philippino, and not Masaccio, to have painted the Paul which Raphael so closely imitated in his cartoon of the preaching at Athens), yet in the evident effects of his careful study of his frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmelite church at Florence. Masaccio benefited also by the development of the laws of perspective which were brought about by Pietro della Francesca and Paolo Uccello; and the fruit of all these advantages appeared in his composition, which was more dramatic and more varied than had been seen before, in the individuality and natural character as well as the relief and roundness of his figures, and in his superior colouring. He seems to have had, like Raphael, the faculty of making his own, and improving upon all that came before him, and he would doubtless have left much less for his successors to originate had he not died—it has been supposed by poison—at the age of forty-one.

Two contemporaries of Masaccio come next under our notice, both friars, but in every other respect dissimilar: FRA GIOVANNI ANGELINO of Fiesole, a Dominican of the convent of San Marco, and FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, a Carmelite in the convent where Masaccio produced his last work. Fra Angelico was a man of most retired, pure, unselfish, and religious spirit, which infusing itself into his pictures, imparted to them an indescribable charm of sentiment, combined with fine, elaborate pencilling; though they are otherwise without technical merit, the old traditional rules of drawing and composition being retained in them. Fra Filippo was a profligate, but one of the best artists of his time, being unsurpassed in tone, till the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and his school. In him first appears that love of the beautiful in form and colour, apart from intellectual and moral expression, which degraded all the later schools of Italy. Several of his pictures, otherwise well composed and painted, are debased by the vulgar, though handsome models whom he drew from. Yet he

could give good expression when his models supplied it, as is evident from his picture of the Madonna with the infant Saviour in the Louvre, in which, though the heads of the principal figures are most unsatisfactory, those of the kneeling monks are admirable. Fra Angelico died in 1455, Fra Filippo in 1469.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI was the favourite pupil, and during his last years the assistant of Fra Angelico. Like him too, he is described by Vasari as a man of religious character, though not a professed 'religious.' He did not excel his master in design, and was even below him in intensity and heavenliness of expression, but his pictures have more life and movement, combine a certain gaiety with their gracefulness, and are richer and much more varied in invention and composition. He died in 1485, aged nearly eighty.

FILIPPINO LIPPI (1460—1505), the son of Fra Filippo, was one of the best painters of his time. To his father's artistic skill he added a purer and higher design and expression—those of Masaccio developed. His forms are full of animation, his movements varied and dramatic. He fell but little short of Leonardo, and perhaps would have equalled him had he attained his years.

LUCA Signorelli, who died in 1524, deserves notice not only for his own proficiency, but because of his influence on others. He was distinguished for his masterly invention, the boldness of his design, and the variety and novelty of his attitudes, especially his foreshortening. From these causes he has been regarded as the precursor of Michael Angelo, who, Vasari says, not only admired his works, but made use of his figures in the great fresco of the Sistine Chapel. In this connection we may add that Antonio Pollajuolo, from whom Michael Angelo received his early instruction, is said to have been the first painter who studied anatomy by dissection; a lesson his great pupil followed out.

DOMENICO DAL GHIRLANDAJO, born at Florence in 1451, was distinguished for his works in fresco, tempera, and oil. He attended less to form than expression. His heads are remarkable for their life and naturalness. He also coloured well, and was proficient in all the manipulation of his art. To these merits he adds that of having been for three years the master of Michael Angelo, who was apprenticed to him for that period; but in consequence of his precocious abilities, instead of paying him a premium, as was usual, received an annual stipend for his assistance. With Ghirlandajo, who died in 1495, and Andrea Verocchio, who died in 1488, ends the list of the precursors of those two great Florentine masters, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, whose general artistic characters are matter of too common knowledge to need like illustration.

We have given this brief outline of the earlier Florentine school, to preclude the necessity of breaking in upon M. Coquerel's course with observation or controversy. Of the painters above described, Giotto, Andrea Orcagna (with his brother Bernardo), Taddeo Gaddi, and Benozzo Gozzoli, all left specimens of their ability in the Campo Santo. We will add, as the information may interest some of our readers, that there are fine specimens of Andrea Orcagna, Taddeo Gaddi, Fra Filippo Lippi, Filippino, and Ghirlandajo in our National Gallery. The late Samuel Rogers possessed a fragment of one of Giotto's frescoes on the life of John the Baptist, containing two heads of apostles, which, if we mistake not, was also purchased for the nation.

To return to M. Coquerel: having heard from him what he does not admire in the early Florentine work, let him now tell us what he does.

'Above all others, above Orcagna, the shepherd of Vespignano, and the friar of San Marco, moved me. Giotto is the freer, the nearer to the Gospel; Angelico, the more Catholic [traditional] and monastic; both light up their pictures of sacred subjects with the reflection of Christianity.

* * * * *

'Fra Angelico, I confess it, has ravished me, although he is the most Catholic [traditional], the most monastic of all painters; although he wore that white robe of the Dominicans, the habit of the Inquisitors, that, consequently, which, of all religious costumes, has inspired more fear in the minds of peoples, and been most often drenched in innocent blood—the blood of the martyrs. But it is not therefore the less true, that he has expressed with a freshness of imagination, with a candour and purity which belong to him alone, that fervour and that love which are the same for all times and under the most different forms.

'As to Giotto, I need forget nothing, in order to resign myself to the emotions he provokes. He is the opposite extreme; and has appeared to me, I will not say merely the most biblical, but the only biblical Italian painter whose works I have seen. I love to return in thought to that ancient, ruined amphitheatre in Padua, in the midst of which rises the chapel of *Santa Maria dell' Arena*, better known under its popular name, the *Chapel of Giotto*. It is he who covered with frescoes, representing the lives of the Virgin and the Saviour, the whole interior of that church, so shamefully neglected by its present proprietors.

* * * * *

'Two frescoes, above all, impressed me,—the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the *Noli me tangere*. How can I forget that Lazarus, that corpse astonished at its reanimation and life! It is a prodigy of expression which, at first view, would even frighten one, if so much of sweetness and adoring gratitude did not appear in his

still half-veiled aspect. There is in the lineaments of this corpse, which the beholder sees resuscitating, something that recalls the moment which immediately precedes the sun's rising. You do not yet behold him, but you feel that he is there—that he is about to show himself. It is he; invisible, yet already filling all things with his presence. So is it with the life returning to the dead countenance. It is not yet wholly there; but it already shines in it; it already diffuses over it traits of gladness and glory which it is impossible not to recognise.

'Here is more than the merit of a difficulty overcome; there is the genius which has changed a difficulty almost insurmountable into a source of beauty unknown before, and unsurpassable. As to the witnesses of the miracle, every degree of astonishment, from fear to transports of joy, are expressed in their attitudes and countenances' (pp. 190—194).

We must break off here, however unwillingly; for to extract what M. Coquerel says of the *Noli me tangere*, would, beside involving us in a description which would be rather exegetical than æsthetic, prevent our noticing the *Cinque-cento* and later schools. The last reason also compels us to pass by our author's views respecting the unsatisfactory treatment, by Giotto and Angelico, as well as all other religious painters, of the countenance of the Saviour. But this question, with others relating to Christian iconography specially, we may, perhaps, take up some early opportunity.

From Rome M. Coquerel writes eight letters. Of these, the first, entitled, 'Modern Art—the Pantheon,' and the seventh, 'Christian Antiquities at Rome,' refer almost wholly to architecture: the former showing how the finest ancient buildings have been injured, or even destroyed, by spoliation, adaptation, or supposed improvements; the latter (in which the Catacombs supply some interesting illustrations) tracing the connection between heathen and Christian art in Rome—or, to speak more correctly, art as adapted to religion under the emperors and popes respectively. The second, third, and sixth letters relate to particular pictures and topics suggested by them; these we shall notice presently. The fourth and fifth exhibit phases of Roman life and society, viewed, however, in reference to the light they shed on the peculiarities of Catholic art. The eighth is entitled 'Protestantism at Rome,' and treats of Reformation-movements before the Reformation, specially noticing in this view Dante and Petrarch; describes the three large frescoes painted by order of Gregory XIII.—may they never perish!—to celebrate the triumph of the Papacy in the Bartholomew massacres in Paris; and shows, by incontestable examples, how prejudicially the lavish ornamentation affected by the Jesuits has depraved the public taste. We revert to the second letter.

We need not describe Raphael's Transfiguration, to which this letter is devoted. The 'Theology,' often erroneously designated the Discussion on the Sacrament, will be more to our purpose, both as being less generally known by descriptions and engravings, and as more suggestive of matter for reflection. This painting is represented by M. Coquerel, rightly, as marking the transition between the second and third styles of Raphael:—

'At first he was but an eminent pupil of Perugino. All was stiff, measured, symmetrical, and constrained in his figures. In his second style he freed himself, by little and little, from the conventional stiffness of the older masters. The attitudes and movements of his figures became freer; but the symmetry of grouping, and often of gesture, still remains. This is the case in the *Sposalizio* (marriage of the Virgin), at Milan, and in this of the Theology; although the admirable pictures with which he immediately afterwards adorned the other walls of the same interior are free from the fault. . . . There is, indeed, in this fact something to be noticed besides the progress of the age and of his talent, prodigious as the latter was: Raphael observing in this fresco, with infinite labour, a symmetry which reminds us of the laws of architecture conformed to the true Catholic style. This is also indicated by the use of *aureoles* and gilded ornaments, which he henceforth renounced. The execution of the details, also, too much carried out in parts not to injure the effect of the whole, proves that the master had not yet all the largeness of effect and power, which he soon afterwards acquired and unceasingly developed. On all these grounds, the *Disputa* may be considered the last in date of his strictly Catholic pictures.

'It represents Catholic Dogma as taught by the Church in 1500. The fundamental idea is that of its divinity, represented in a fourfold way—three times in heaven in the persons of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, and once on earth in the Host. Around these four divine personifications [symbols] are grouped their [respective] adorers—angels, saints, and men' (pp. 65, 66).

The whole description is too long for our space, but we shall extract a few suggestive lines from it:—

'Beneath this vast scene of three stages [representing the Father, Son, and Spirit] a terrestrial assembly fills all the lower part of the picture. An altar, without ornaments, placed exactly in the centre, bears only the *ostensorio* [the monstrance or radiated pedestal], in which the Host is displayed. The four fathers of the Latin Church—Jerome and the Pope Gregory, the Bishops Ambrose and Augustine—are placed on the two sides of the altar. They are surrounded, right and left, by a crowd of theologians, among whom appear several popes, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Dante, and what is even more strange, a monk [friar], burned for heresy a few years before, a martyr and almost reformer, Savonarola. To this Raphael was, perhaps, induced by Fra Bartolomeo (Baccio della Porta), a

painter who had great influence over him. Bartolomeo was such a devoted disciple of Savonarola, that after his death he became a Dominican, in order to retire into the monastery [convent] where his friend had lived, and four years had elapsed before he recovered spirit enough to resume his pencils. Moreover, a sort of worship was for a long time paid to the Florentine reformer by many pious and devoted friends; and the Papacy, which compelled his execution, had afterwards the address to canonize two of his most zealous followers, who had escaped suffering with him. Fra Silvestro and Fra Dominico Buonvicini were executed at the same time as their chief: but Philip Neri and Catherine de Ricci were canonized, and still receive considerable homage.

* * * * *

‘But how curious it is to see the importance of the Gospels and the operation of the Divine Spirit reduced almost to nothing between these three large scenes [those of the Father and the Son above, and the altar, with the doctors of the Church, &c., below it]. Some cherubs, half-concealed by the clouds which serve as a footstool for the Saviour and the saints, hold above their heads open books, which no one looks into. The rayed dove alone fills up the centre of this confined and almost imperceptible group. That is all the place assigned to the Word and the Spirit. It is true that some of the apostles surround their Master; but those austere and simple figures appear there much less like martyrs and witnesses of Gospel truth than columns of the Papal edifice’ (pp. 67, 68).

We should not have thought much of the phenomenon here noticed, remembering the various shifts which artists are obliged to have recourse to in composing their pictures; yet it might be no mere accident of composition, but, as M. Coquerel supposes, a result of the non-appreciation of the Word and its revealing Spirit by the Holy See. We have met with a curious coincidence, at any rate, since we translated the first part of the preceding extract. On looking into a newspaper just brought in, we fell on this in an account of the heretic cemetery near Rome: ‘A verse of the Bible, carved on the marble cover of a new grave in a remote spot beneath the outer city ramparts, is considered as a publication of doctrine to be jealously scanned by the conservators of orthodoxy here. I had almost forgotten one instance, *related to me directly by a person concerned*: “God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, to the end that we should not perish, but have eternal life.” It is a fact, that permission to write this in the Non-Catholic graveyard of Rome was refused by those who administer the local dominion of the vicar of Christ.’

It was mutilated enough, too, one might think, to have passed muster; but if the reference to believing in Christ was suppressed

in order not to jostle against the Romish dogma of justification by works, we can hardly say that we are sorry that it was suppressed, unwarrantable as we feel such censorship to be.

M. Coquerel has noticed two other circumstances connected, one with the *Transfiguration*, and the other with the *Theology*, about which different judgments have been and always will be expressed. 'It remains,' he says, 'to indicate two figures which ought not to be seen on this canvas, and which, nevertheless, are not unworthy of it, considered with reference to their execution. They represent St. Julian and St. Lawrence, and are a homage to two of the Medici,—Lorenzo, the Magnificent, and his brother. This flagrant absurdity of rendering two saints of the Catholic Paradise witnesses of the transfiguration is but too consistent with the usage of the Roman Church. It was, besides, a requisite of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who commissioned the picture. He was himself one of the Medici, being son of Julius, and nephew of Lorenzo, and became pope under the name of Clement VII.'

Let us now hear what may be said on the other side—what has been said, indeed, by Mrs. Jameson. Of one of the early Florentines she writes:—'In all the paintings he executed at this time (1460), and afterwards, Benozzo introduced many figures, generally the portraits of distinguished inhabitants of the place, or those of his friends, grouped as spectators round the principal incident or personage represented, having nothing to do with the action, but so beautifully managed, that, far from appearing intrusive, they rather add to the solemnity and poetry of the scene; as if he would fain represent these sacred events as belonging to all times, and still, as it were, passing before our eyes. This observation must be borne in mind as generally applicable to all sacred pictures, in which the apparent anachronisms are not really such, if properly considered.'—*Early Italian Painters*, vol. 1, p. 128. In other parts of her works, Mrs. Jameson has defended this practice even more fully, but we have not just now access to them. However, there is truth in what she says, even as the case is here put. The practice originated, doubtless, in altar-devotion, especially the worship of our Lord, and of his mother holding him in her arms, frequently in a standing position, and in the act of blessing, expressly to be worshipped. That, of course, is not what we are defending; we are treating not a theological or religious question, but an artistic one. Those for whom these pictures were painted, however, had no scruple as to the worship of our Lord, or of Mary his mother, in a picture or out of one; nor had their deceased forefathers or other relatives. Under these conditions, there can be nothing

revolting in the fact that they included as if worshipping with them, before the same image, those who had worshipped before or even with them at the same altar, and whom they would delight to think of as still worshipping with them, though now in the separate state. Concede to the artist the common faith of his church, and there is nothing absurd in such an introduction of deceased saints. We see in it rather the poetical expression of the communion of the saints as extending to the invisible world; and which we sing in Toplady's beautiful paraphrase of the *Te Deum laudamus*—'The apostles' glorious company,' &c.; and Dr. Watts's—

'The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.'

The scene described by M. Coquerel, if not precisely that just supposed, may be justified on the same principle. The introduction of St. Julian and St. Lawrence, as if adoring witnesses, into a picture of the Transfiguration, was intended by the painter, and probably by the Archbishop also—for many a man's conceptions are good whose life is bad (*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor*), and the worst of men like to think of their deceased friends as being better after death than they were while living—to express the thought, or hope, that as the canonized Julian and Lawrence adoringly contemplated the transfigured Saviour while they lived on earth, so they, and Julius and Lorenzo de Medici with them, still contemplated and adored him. The picture was painted for an altar-piece, with the idea and purpose of uniting the Archbishop and his relatives, and all who bowed before that altar, with Julius and Lorenzo of the previous generation, with the Julian and Lawrence (Laurentius) of the martyr age, nay, with Peter, James, and John, who had witnessed his earthly transfiguration, in the adoring contemplation of our Lord in his paradisaical glory. We must confess surprise that M. Coquerel did not see, and *artistically* appreciate this.

As Protestants we object, of course, to any use of images, whether painted or carved, as aids to devotion. In that point of view, therefore, all the pictures here described or referred to are amenable to censure,—the Transfiguration being, by the introduction of St. Julian and St. Lawrence, rendered a worship-picture, adapted to altar-service, as truly as the Madonna pictures were such. But that was not M. Coquerel's objection; which was the violation of chronological accuracy. With his views on that point, we are surprised that he could write as follows:—

'Beneath the *Theology*, Pierino del Vaga has represented, after a design of Raphael, the infant Christ appearing to St. Augustine on

the sea-shore, and counselling him to give up the thought of comprehending the Trinity.

'This subject has been often treated, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Vandyck, Rubens, Garofalo, Murillo, have painted, *con amore*, this mystical and graceful scene. One will regret no more seeing in the Louvre the admirable picture of Murillo, which belonged to the Spanish Museum of King Louis Philippe. The figure of the little Jesus—his look, his attitude, united *simplicity with depth*. At first sight, it was but a child playing on the sea-shore, and a bishop regarding him with attention. But very soon one might discover, in the significant gravity of the child, a kind of authority full of charm; and in the bishop, the docility of an enlightened and convinced disciple. As to Raphael, he had the strange fancy to represent Augustine on horseback, and the animal smitten with an instinctive terror at the sight of Christ. It is permissible to differ as to the consequences to be deduced from this ingenious apologue, which might suggest a double interpretation; but it ought, at least, to soften the audacious, positive rigour of many theologians, and the sharpness of quarrels which long desolated all churches.'

We are surprised, first, at the interest expressed in this '*scène mystique et gracieuse*;' then at the commendations bestowed upon Murillo's picture; then at the moral 'consequence' deduced by our author 'from this ingenious apologue.'

As to the last we cannot, with all respect for M. Coquerel, see how or why this 'ingenious apologue' should, or ought to, mitigate theological rigour or controversial asperity. Neither the apologue nor the picture will make us, at least, however they may affect others, one whit more mild or amiable toward Dr. Hutton or Mr. Aspland than we hope we should have been had we never heard of them.

We dissent also from the commendation bestowed upon Murillo's picture, though, having overlooked it in the Louvre, we have not seen it; but we are convinced that the interpretation of it is wholly subjective. We do not believe the expression possible in the figures, or that, if it had been, Murillo could have given it. This 'significantly grave' child, which at first sight was to M. Coquerel 'but a child playing on the sea shore,' was in Garofalo's picture that to us, and 'it was nothing more.' We are surprised, however, that Raphael's horse is not approved of, since, accepting Augustine's vision as the basis of the picture, it is the most expressive thing in it. For the appearance took place, according to the vision, on the sea-shore. Augustine is, therefore, represented as on a journey, as Paul was when he saw the Lord. In those pre-railway days bishops habitually travelled on horseback (as Wolsey did, and as Raphael continually saw them doing), and Augustine being thus on his journey, his

thoughts, like Robert Stephens' on the road from Paris to Lyons, reverted, *inter equitandum*, as Robert words it, to his studies. Then the vision occurs; and it was worthy of Raphael's consummate invention, drawing his inspiration probably from the Psalms (xxix. and cxiv.), to intimate by the horse's terror the deity of the seeming child. When his genius is not controlled by his patrons, Raphael is seldom, if ever, out in thought.

But, to come to our chief objection, we must be permitted not only to differ as to the interest and treatment of the subject, but to object to all representations of Christ which involve the idea of his being a child after he had attained manhood, and finished the work his father had given him to do. We object to this in the interest of historical religious truth, and in the interest of Christian art.

In order to the full accomplishment of the work appointed him to do, our Lord was infant, child, and man. He grew in wisdom, and stature, and favour with God and man. He was perfected by temptation and by suffering, and being perfected became the author of eternal salvation to all who obey him.

Why then is the perfected author of salvation still represented as a child? In order to the exaltation of his mother, that she may have the appearance of authority over him, that she may be constituted a higher intercessor, as well as a more tender and more propitious one than himself. He is remanded to her arms to be worshipped along with her, and though Head over all things to the church, is still painted and treated as a child.

We can trace this innovation in the earlier Italian pictures. At first Mary held him up before her, frequently standing, and in the attitude of blessing. In those pictures He is the principal figure. Afterwards, as in Raphael's Madonna of St. Sixtus, she holds him in her arms as an infant, being herself encompassed with glory. There She is the object of worship. Raphael's picture is named after her, not her son.

It is usual, we are aware, to refer some of these representations of her to the vision of the woman clothed with the sun, in Rev. xii. 1, and to regard her there as personifying the Church or Religion. But only the pictures called the Conception of the Virgin, of which Murillo painted so many, belong to that category. And for that interpretation of John's vision there is no more real authority than there now is for reading '*she* shall bruise thy head,' in Genesis iii. 15, and applying the passage to Mary.

All these representations are degrading to the Son of God, pervert the highest fact to foster delusion, and—what though of less moment, is yet of some—corrupt and debase Christian art by the contradiction and confusion they involve it in. If pictures are the *Biblia pauperum*, the poor must be bewildered and

deceived by such as these. If true painting, the sister-art of poetry is, like it, the daughter of genius and the nurse of cultivation, this kind is the spurious offspring of ignorance and fraud, and the nurse of superstition.

Naples only remains. As M. Coquerel does not take us to Venice, we shall not discuss or characterise the productions of the other, lower schools of Italy, but illustrate by pictorial evidence those conditions of the Italian mind and feeling which, in Southern Italy, have recently so perplexed the councils and frustrated the hopes of those who desire her political regeneration. M. Coquerel thus writes from Naples in June, 1856 :—

‘ If there is a Catholic city in the world, it is this. At the lower end of every shop, *café*, or *cabaret*, shines behind a lamp or candle the image of the patron saint. The corners of the streets and innumerable houses are decorated or sanctified in the same way, from the sumptuous palaces of the *Toledo* to the poorest stalls of the *Largo del Mercato*, where Conradin was beheaded. Every one wears upon his neck an amulet, which has been blessed. The number of the churches exceeds, it is said, 360. The streets, so populous and animated, are thronged incessantly by monks of every colour. Convents, crowded together, immure recluses of both sexes, less numerous however than heretofore. Then, in many families, both patrician and plebeian, the *monaca di casa* (the ‘ Religious’ of the house) wears the habit of some monastic [conventual] order, without quitting her relatives, thus giving to their house something of the sanctity of the cloister. Here Catholicism is everywhere parading in glittering processions in every street, erecting her lavishly-adorned altars at every turn; and few evenings pass but either some parish of the capital, or one of the villages of the bay, is illuminated, and has a display of fireworks, in honour of the canonized protector of the district. Besides all this, the royal family and the king figure in the ceremonies of the church; whoever belongs to the army, not excepting the Protestant officers and soldiers in the Swiss guard, is obliged to carry a candle in the processions, and kneel to the *Holy Sacrament*. Here, certainly, is a Catholic *régime*, to which nothing is wanting. If it be true that the Roman faith is the mother of the fine arts, they should have flourished in Naples with a fecundity and *éclat* unparalleled; the national artists should rank with the first in the world, and distinguished foreigners should come hither to school. The contrary of all this is come to pass’ (pp. 4, 5).

Our author then illustrates the influence of Catholicism in mutilating what of genuine art the country has at different ages been favoured with. The temples of Pæstum were, as is well known, ‘ sublime creations of Hellenic genius.’ In them, power and greatness reach their highest point, yet so blended with grace as to stamp but one impression upon the soul; ‘ a grand result, obtained by an extreme simplicity of means.’ It is the beauty of the ancients, majestic and serene. Well. Its columns

and marbles have been despoiled for the cathedral of Salerno; where may be seen, among other ornaments hardly suitable to the interior of a Christian temple, the *Rape of Proserpine* and a bacchanalian piece.

The temple of Apollo, at Pozzuoli, a Roman work of great beauty, 'has furnished the cathedral at Naples with bas reliefs of an exquisite taste. Descend into the crypt of St. Januarius, a dark underground chapel where the martyr reposes, and they will show you the heathen sculptures which decorate the walls. You will see among them the *Triumph of Venus drawn by her votaries harnessed to her Chariot*. If afterwards at Pozzuoli you inquire for the temple of Apollo, they will tell you that it is a ruin.'

'Nothing (adds our author) is more rare beyond the Alps than pure Gothic art, that architecture of the North, which has raised such marvellous cathedrals in France, Germany, and England. Conquered by the Normans in the 12th century, Naples possessed finished monuments in this style, such as could be seen nowhere else in Italy. What has become of them? Under the inspiration of modern Catholicism, infinite pains have been taken and infinite sums expended to transform the Gothic churches into Italian ones. The graceful, clustered columns, which grew up to the roof, have been smothered in a thick covering of stucco, to form a heavy colonnade of false marble with gilded capitals. The pointed arches are transformed into semicircular arcades. The groined roofs, relieved with the bold yet graceful tracery of the middle ages, are concealed by speckled ceilings, or staring, pretentious painting. And this is the history, not of one church, but of all, in the capital and the principal cities of the kingdom' (pp. 6, 7).

Can we wonder, taking into account also the climate and habits of the people, at the political prostration, the abject submission, the *confusion of all ideas of right and wrong*, order and disorder, tyranny and liberty, which mark the populace of Naples? How can these people, thus blindfolded and cheated, thus dragged through the mire of ignorance, superstition, and servility, distinguish between a Bomba and a Victor Emmanuel, a despotism and a constitution? It is Garibaldi to-day, Francisco Segondo to-morrow. We fear that the king of Italy will have a sorry time of it in the South.

We shall give two more extracts illustrative of the debasing influence of Romanism on art and the human intellect, and conclude.

'In fact, it is luxury, the love of finery, the passion for showy colours and colossal proportions, which has destroyed Catholic art. The reigning taste here is that of the Jesuits. See their principal church, the *Giesu Nuovo*. It is not very large, but the pilasters which sustain the roofs are out of all proportion; the paintings and

statues are more gigantic and tortuous than anywhere else; and a St. Philomena, in wood and wax, arrayed in glittering stuffs, overlaid with embroidery and jewels, is seated on the altar within a tomb of glass. All that is very beautiful, and in delicious taste to many Neapolitans.

‘But let me state in a few words who Philomena is. She was born in 1802 of a philological conjecture. A skeleton was found in the catacomb of Priscilla at Rome under a broken stone, on which, in addition to the olive branch and anchor, the ordinary emblems on Christian tombs, were visible two arrows and a javelin, which appeared to indicate the burial-place of some martyr. These signs accompanied the inscription, which was mutilated both at the beginning and the end...LUMENA PAX TECUM FI...No more could be made of it. LUMENA is the end of some name or word unknown; FI the commencement of another in like case. A man experienced in such matters extricated the Roman clergy from their difficulty. He wrote the undecypherable inscription in a circle, prefixed FI to LUMENA, and made it thus read, altogether, “Peace to thee, Philomena.” This name, which signifies beloved (*φιλουμενα*), was just the thing; and so the saint was composed of two pieces—the end of one word and the beginning of another.

‘After the return of Pius VII. to Rome, a Neapolitan prelate, sent to felicitate the Holy Father, received from him the body of this unknown saint [a cheap reward for a cheap service]. Immediately a priest, who wished not to be named, *because of his great humility*, saw the saint in a vision. She informed him that she had suffered martyrdom because [the old story], having made a vow of celibacy, she refused to marry the emperor. These historical details were full of interest, but insufficient. An artist had next a vision, in which this amorous but cruel emperor was designated Diocletian. There exists, however, an inclination to free his memory from this posthumous crime. It is supposed that the artist did not hear correctly, and that the real criminal was Diocletian’s colleague, Maximin, who, as is well known, was less delicate than he, and might have punished with death a refusal which hurt his feelings.

‘Thanks to the Jesuits, Philomena [like a popular *cantafrice*] made her way rapidly. She has chapels even in many Parisian churches. And this is how, in the 19th century, with some bits of forgotten bones, and some fragmentary syllables, a name, a personage, a history, and a worship have been created’ (pp. 9—11).

And thus, we may add, Religion excels Science; for even Professor Owen, constructing monster birds of fragments of tibiae, must give place to the united glories of the antiquary, the priest, and the artist. But why are not their names recorded? Surely neither the priest’s humility nor the artist’s deafness should have been allowed to deprive them of their well-merited immortality.

Had we space, we should give M. Coquerel’s account of the Neapolitan taste for ‘Black Virgins;’ but for the last extract we must return to one of the letters from Rome. The facts related

in it, however, belong to all Italy, and emphatically to Naples. He had been speaking of the extent to which even renowned pictures, Michael Angelo's Last Judgment included, were hidden behind structures of wood, velvet, and other materials, frequently in gorgeous colours, and destroying all the harmony, both of composition and of tone; of alterations by repainting; and of the thick darkness accruing from year to year from the smoke of incense and wax candles; and he thus proceeds:—

‘It would be well if the honours which the church accords to pictures were restricted to incense and wax candles, small or large. But let a painting have the misfortune to be esteemed miraculous, which is not rare, it is thenceforth subjected to a more destructive glory. Does the populace hear that prayers presented before one picture have healed a sick man; or the king that those recited before another picture have suppressed an *émeute*, or have assisted Austrian soldiers to put down Italians who were resolved to be their own masters in their own land,—from that time the picture is crowned. Holes are pierced in the canvas above the head of the “saint,” or the “Crucified,” or the “Virgin and Child,” and in these holes, oh, barbarism! a crown of glittering gold, set with rubies, emeralds, or brilliants, is infixed. It is easy to conceive what becomes of the perspective, the chiaroscuro, even the colours of the picture, from the time that this real, resplendent crown is nailed within it: all that is falsified or extinguished, and so a *chef d’œuvre* is annihilated. A *chef d’œuvre* do we say? Perhaps here we say too much. Hitherto, at least, we have not seen pictures of extraordinary value thus defaced. Very fine paintings do not work miracles. They do not expose themselves to the disastrous consequences which would accrue from them; and if they have the power to perform prodigies, they take care not to use it. They are to be commended for this discretion, as perhaps also are their owners’ (pp. 126, 127).

Here we must say farewell to M. Coquerel, which we do with sincere thanks, to which perhaps our readers will join theirs, for the pleasure which his letters have given us. Several letters, no less interesting than those from which we have quoted, have been left unnoticed here, and all the matter, excepting a few lines, which related to architecture. The appendix on the Iconography of the Immaculate Conception we shall perhaps notice on some future occasion. Meanwhile we repeat our farewell, only assuring our readers that, if they would like to read a pleasant book on Italy and art, written in good French, in the tone of good society, abounding in information, impartial, lively, fairly reasoned, yet not too bulky for the autumn vacation or the winter fire-side, they will not miss their mark if they select the ‘*Beaux Arts en Italie*’ of M. Coquerel.

III.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE INFINITE.*

PHYSICS and Metaphysics, allowing a certain extension, perhaps laxity, of meaning to the words, may be taken to include the entire sphere of human interests, dividing it into two unequal sections and commanding parties, widely diverse in much more than numerical proportion. On the physical or material side, all men alike recognise the appeal which confronts them, and welcome it with instant and entire sympathy. The practical applications of science, the spread of commerce, new openings for industrial activity, and political, civil, and social advancements, belong to no party ; they interest the race, they speak home to every life, they touch what is palpable, immediate, and indispensable. On the metaphysical or spiritual side, there are those who care and strive to investigate the primary principles which underlie the whole of individual and social existence, the ultimate foundations of well-being, for the man or for the nation—who seek to form out, not a partial but a complete and just view of the relations of humanity, and springing from these, of its worth, capabilities, duties, and destinies, and the connection which it holds not with the present only, but with the future, the eternal, the divine,—individuals, in short, who strive to pierce down to the living roots of spiritual being and character, to truth and wisdom and essential morality, and, only and ever in subordination to these and upon them, to lay the basis of all individual, social, and national good. But they are few comparatively, always have been few, and not often or greatly respected by their fellows ; estimated, generally, as so much curious, useless lumber, mere dreamers, visionaries, theorists, wasting themselves in idle, airy speculations, that can have only a remote, almost inappreciable bearing on real life. The wonder is, that though few, they have pertinaciously persisted in surviving through the ages, in spite of general indifference and of the special scorn of the world's *practical* heroes. One is forced to think, in the view of this marvellous persistency, that there *must be* something in the deep questions relating to being and well-being, to the awful mystery of life, to the inexorable labyrinth of the universe ;

* *Philosophy of the Infinite, &c. &c.* By Rev. Henry Calderwood. Glasgow.

something in the ever-fruitless effort to interpret the One and the All, and in the everlasting sphynx-riddle, not of Egypt or India or Greece alone, but of all lands and of all times. These questions, never fully answered, but on which the response of fresh and sometimes bright gleams of light falls, *must have* a perennial as well as profound attraction for humanity. The secret is, that they either consciously stir every human breast now and again, or are capable of being awakened in it, and, at bottom, their solution, partial though it be, *must be felt* to have more to do than is acknowledged, with the immediate as well as ultimate and highest good of man.

The age in which we live, perhaps more than any foregoing, teems and ferments with conflicting and crowding interests on the physical or secular side. Trade, commerce, art, science, politics, and last, not least, war, with all its hazards and its horrors, are claiming, almost compelling and engrossing, universal attention. At this moment France, Austria, Italy, Rome, America, are the centres of terrible attraction, around which cluster the thoughts and hopes or fears of well-nigh the whole civilised world, waiting the upshot, impossible to be predicted, of the working and counter-working of priests and soldiers, cabinets and peoples. In the midst of such conditions, what *can* reasonable men have to do, it is asked, with philosophies of the Infinite, with the Unconditioned, the Absolute, with transcendental metaphysics, with German logic, with gossamer theories which the first breath of reality would blow into nothingness? Is it less than provoking to be pestered with such nonsense, while the first necessities of actual life are so clamorous, and its overwhelming perplexities and perils are crying out with such urgency for all the practical wisdom and skill and available power which can be brought to bear upon them?

A year ago, France, with an army of 300,000 men, went forth to do mortal battle with Austria *for an idea*. The pretence was laughed to scorn, perhaps with great good reason. But the question is, what prince or nation ever went to war, *except* for an idea? Who, of men, ever did anything, great or small, good or bad, except impelled by an idea? *The* idea, true or false, right or wrong, lies invisible, but sure and living beneath all movement; and *the* idea *alone* makes the movement what it is, whether estimated in the scale of wisdom or of morality. If we could get at men's ideas, and at the power *within* which constructs ideas, and governs the process of ideation, if we could go down to the root of men's convictions and motives, if we could confront them with the grand principle of immutable justice, and with the eternal laws of truth

and rectitude, perhaps it might be found, in spite of the worshippers of *practicality*, that we had herein discovered the surest, aye, and the shortest, path to the correction of the course of the world's affairs. Perhaps those discussions in the higher philosophy which are scornfully denounced as fertile in nothing but empty abstractions, and fit only for a kingdom of Soofees, or for the region of Utopia, may on sounder reflection be found to be essentially practical and productive, for, in very deed, they descend to the mainspring of all action, and to the governing laws of all being. The investigation of the highest spiritual truth, and of the fundamental principles of right and wrong, is *not* far off, as is thought, from practical life, but lies very near to the common, secular interests of society, and penetrates to the very foundations of the social system, on which depend its health, its power, and its permanence.

It is very noteworthy, that in the almost unexampled ferment and hubbub of nations in this age, and amidst all the excitement of manifold secular triumphs and progress, there has arisen simultaneously a tempest hardly less violent—like a strong under-ground swell—in the deeper region of abstract thought and of philosophical inquiry. The age of French commercial treaties, social science conferences, iron-cased ships, and Italian and American wars, has witnessed the resurrection of questions as old as Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Plato, the re-discussion of the profoundest problems of metaphysics, with little abatement of the ancient energy and ardour. The sphere is limited, it is true, but several causes have combined to widen it in these years, and the perturbation, though outside the circle of the vast secular interests of society, has been and still is profound. In the interest of religious truth, supposed to be at stake, many have been forcibly attracted to subjects which otherwise would have possessed for them no charm, and for the study of which they were not specially fitted, either by their information, their intellectual powers, their habits, or their tastes. Certainly, not with unmixed advantage, the higher philosophy has been, through this cause, marvellously popularised, if we may not say degraded; and hard, technical terms, framed to denote the darkest abstractions of logic, “The Unconditioned,” “the Absolute,” “the Infinite,” have come into use, to season the gossip of drawing-rooms and boudoirs, almost to compete, in current value, with the ledgers of counting-houses, and with the weights and scales of traders' shops.

Dr. Mansel—but without fault of his—has mainly occasioned this singular result, and a rapid narrative of the steps by which

it has been reached, and of the recent course of a philosophical controversy, lofty in its terms, and unspeakably momentous in its essential bearings, has become almost a necessity, and at all events may be helpful to general readers, in appreciating what they may have neither inclination nor leisure to condense for themselves. The Bampton Lecture, till within two or three years ago, had usually been about the deadest of all dead weights that fell from the press. The audience, attracted by the oral delivery of the lecture, had been usually numbered by units, at most by scores, and these not always wakeful, perhaps oftener audibly asleep. But Dr. Mansel had deservedly gained an unwonted reputation in Oxford. Conservative in politics, orthodox in theology, and able and painstaking as a professor, with a share of enthusiasm in his own nature, and capable of inspiring this sentiment in other minds, he had gathered around him eager disciples and admirers. The Bampton Lecture, for once, was listened to by crowding hundreds of graduates and under-graduates. The pulpit was converted into the professor's chair, the watchwords of theology were exchanged for the technical forms of transcendental logic, at the same time that a certain happy lucidity and free declamation, combined with occasional periods of full-rounded eloquence, relieved and enlivened the dullest of the auditors.

It was a striking success, and it was followed by a triumph still greater, on the application of the severer, crucial test of the public press. The sale of the volume on 'The Limits of Religious Thought,' is without parallel, we believe, in the history of metaphysical literature. Sir William Hamilton's 'Discussions on Philosophy, &c.,' notwithstanding the European reputation of its author, rivalled only by that of Cousin, after twelve years or more, is yet in its second edition. The Bampton Lecture, after not very many months, had sold to the extent of several thousand copies. Something in this result, certainly, is due to the ease, the luminous flow, and the frequently popular cast of the style; something to the occasional eloquence, and the almost impassioned vehemence of the writing; but much more to the idea—for which, however, there was but slender foundation, though it was widely circulated and accepted—that an accomplished metaphysician and scholar had succeeded in a thing never before attempted, in making the profoundest logical abstractions intelligible to the common understanding. On this ground, mainly, West-end circles, ambitious of a novel and rare tinge of blue, were enraptured with the philosophy of the Infinite and its eloquent expositor. From west to east the enthusiasm spread, the talk everywhere—just as if it had been a newly discovered dye for tinting the flowers of spring-bonnets,

or a fashionable novelty in the drapery line—was of ‘the Unconditioned,’ ‘the Absolute ;’ and the book, from a success, became a rage. Last of all, ‘The Times,’ ever faithful to its chosen vocation, and consulting, as it always does, its *only* gospel, *the times*, ‘took up the wondrous tale,’ and in an article of extraordinary cleverness and power and finish, crowned Dr. Mansel with the Olympic chaplet, and sent him forth ‘the conquering hero’ of the day.

But where was the culpability in all this, are we asked? We answer at once, Nowhere. We, at all events, are attaching blame to no one, but simply describing events *as they occurred*. Least of all can the slightest fault be found with Dr. Mansel. He was all the while, not an actor, but a passive instrument in the hands of others, and merely accepted conditions which were imposed on him, not chosen by him ; conditions withal which multitudes without a tithe of his high merit have welcomed with passionate eagerness. Where shall we find the man, who would refuse them, were they within his reach? At the same time we must firmly protest, that in all this there was no reliable evidence of the soundness of a philosophy or of the merits of a philosophical work. When public opinion—especially in a case like this, in which the general public is utterly incompetent to judge—takes the character of an epidemic enthusiasm, dependence upon it is forbidden by sober reason. It is possible that such opinion *may* be just, *entirely* just, but the chances are considerable that it may be altogether, or in great part, erroneous ; and at all events the question of real, substantial merit is left wholly undecided.

Of the causes which conspired to create that enthusiasm of popularity—for *such* is the correct phrase, strange as it may seem in relation to a professedly metaphysical work—with which the volume on ‘The Limits of Religious Thought’ was welcomed, the most powerful beyond question was the all but unanimous verdict in its favour pronounced by the religious press. To a looker-on, not touched by the spreading *furor*, it was something ludicrous to watch the eager haste with which religious newspapers, magazines, and reviews, of all sorts and sizes, followed pell-mell—ourselves, with shame we confess it, no better than the rest, perhaps in some unworthy points even worse—the only rivalry seeming to be, who should, in most *unlimited* terms, extol ‘The Limits,’ &c., and who, with the coolest impertinence, should pooh-pooh any stray attempt, from other quarters, at adverse criticism. Common as the poor story is, it is so true in this case, and so exactly fitting to the fact, that we must rehearse it. The hurried procession of the religious critics, one after another, rushing into print and into praise, by all the world,

was like nothing so much as, a flock of sheep escaping over a fence, through some gap they had just discovered. First, one summons courage to mount, look timidly around for a moment, and pressed, from behind, to leap; and then, as sure as fate, another and another and another leap and follow, till, to the last unit, they are all fairly over in the coveted field, hardly knowing well, for a time, what to make of themselves. Nor must it be omitted that sheep, not being by nature salient animals, their attempts in this kind are something like the dance of the bear, very awkward, clumsy, and provocative of hearty laughter—between which, and diverse intermeddlings with transcendental philosophy, who likes may draw a not unedifying parallel.

Public rumour hints, that behind the scenes of the review-department, as of the theatre, one is not likely to be inspired with very exalted notions of humanity. It may be so, but we are little privy to the secrets of either paradise, and if we were, we are not disposed to treachery. We deal only with what is above-board, and found our convictions only on what is patent to universal observation. Considering the profoundly abstruse nature of the subject which was in question, demanding, even for its comprehension at all, protracted and severe study, we may perhaps venture to say, that such an example of the game, 'Follow your leader,' in which the blind instinct of imitation is alone exercised, and such a mere reverberation of the cuckoo notes of unintelligent praise, have not often been witnessed, as in the religious reviews of Dr. Mansel's volume. But worse still, we do think that these reviews, with few exceptions, exhibited much ignorance, incompetence, and blundering, an assumption of knowledge with painful evidence of the want of it, and a claim to authority without ground to sustain it.

It is said that young ministers are the chief *employés* in the review department of the religious press. We are compelled to question the fact: chiefly because, as on the late occasion, real ability and delicate feeling and good taste are so often wanting. It would be well, as we judge—it would be an omen of great significance and promise—were ministers, in the early years of their official course, ministers of ability and modesty, to occupy themselves more than they do with the religious press. We not only share not at all in the groundless jealousy and suspicion of the rising ministry, but we hold that they are *the very men* to take a prominent part in the periodical religious literature of the day. Studious and well-apportioned commerce with it is not incompatible with fidelity to

their proper clerical duties, but is fitted to render the discharge of these duties more enlightened and more effective ; and then *their* sympathy with the age is sure to be more genial and more true than that of older persons, whose character may have already settled down into the mould of an earlier period. But young, and indeed, old ministers, ought not to forget that one of the dignifying graces of character at any period of life, and one of the best companions of learning and scholarship, is modesty. Easy and off-hand dealing with subjects which we have not conscientiously studied, perhaps not studied at all, pretentiousness and assumed familiarity with respected names, are utterly dishonourable, if not also criminal in the worst sense.

Out of the entire number of religious newspapers, magazines, and reviews, we are aware of only four who, earlier or later, were strong enough to breast the furious current of popular enthusiasm, to utter an emphatic No, in reply to the popular verdict, and to adopt an adverse line of criticism—*The London Review*, *The Christian Spectator*, *The Nonconformist*, and *The Freeman*. The earliest sound of dissent came from *The London Review*, the quarterly organ of the Wesleyan body. Those of our readers who are acquainted with this periodical do not need to be told of the ability by which it is distinguished. But its position—if we rightly understand it—in relation to the higher philosophy renders it of immense value in these days. We believe, that in this respect, among the larger literary organs on the evangelical side of Christianity, it stands all but alone. So far as we have had the means of judging, no tampering with first principles will be found in its pages, no pandering to the groundless jealousies of an unintelligent orthodoxy, and no cribbing and cabining of the spirit, either of religious or of philosophical investigation. Its aim is elevating and expansive ; a love of truth, lead to where it may, and a tone of thorough honesty and earnestness, pervade its discussions ; the spirit of a true philosophy inspires it, and, amidst the modified sensationalism, the really materialistic tendencies, and the timid tinkering and patch-work of much of our so-called religious literature, *The London Review*, as we judge, has been faithful to the Divine intuitions of the soul, the primitive utterances of reason and conscience.

There was *some* ground, at first sight very plausible ground, for the course already pointed out, which was taken by the religious press generally. Dr. Mansel was the avowed champion of orthodox Christianity. He professed to combat Rationalism—meaning Infidelity in its last extreme—to combat and to conquer it on its own ground, and with its own weapons. He attempted to prove that all unaided thought on the subject of a God *necessa-*

rily resulted only in endless contradictions, from which neither Atheism, nor Pantheism, nor Rationalism opened a refuge, from which there was absolutely no refuge at all, *anywhere*. Man was shut up to faith, shut up to the discoveries of revelation, by the utter powerlessness and helplessness of the nature with which his Creator had endowed him. The reasoning was said to be unanswerable, and not to swear by Dr. Mansel was to be hostile to Christianity. Such a weapon against scepticism as the Bampton Lecture had never before been produced. It was irresistible. Rationalism, Pantheism, and Atheism had now nothing left to them but to lie down and die in silence, and own themselves annihilated. With bitter sorrow it is confessed that the orthodox, with few distinguished exceptions, were possessed with an uncontrollable and inconsiderate rapture. 'Have you seen our champion? Have you read *the book*? It is glorious—unanswerable—everybody says so. It utterly demolishes every form of infidelity, leaves it nothing, absolutely nothing, to stand upon.'

The plaudits of reviewers, week after week, and month after month, were almost literally a re-enacting of the part of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' One cried out, 'A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! Oh, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!' Another followed, 'Most reverend doctor! Most learned judge!' A third, wrapt in admiring astonishment, broke forth suddenly, 'Oh noble judge! Oh most excellent young man!' and a fourth, unable to repress the swelling wonder, exclaimed, 'Oh wise and upright judge! how much more elder art thou than thy looks!' But Shylock's exulting admiration was suddenly and terrifically silenced. He was caught in his own trap. The pound of flesh could not be cut out of the Christian's breast without blood—and *not one drop of blood was in the contract*. And Dr. Mansel! his argument may have annihilated Rationalists, Pantheists, and Atheists, but what, if it has also, by the same token, annihilated himself? It may be that Dr. Mansel among the Rationalists is another Samson among the Philistines, a veritable hero, a mighty giant who bows with all his strength, and brings down the house of Dagon on the heads of the uncircumcised; but what if the hero himself also has perished, and if his mangled and lifeless body be found under the heaps of his slain enemies?

For some time a strong reaction has set in against the reasonings, the conclusions, and the whole spirit and aim of the volume on the 'Limits of Religious Thought.' The reaction is rapidly extending its range and deepening its force. Once and again the book has been dealt with on its merits, taken to pieces by a rigorous analysis, and, as an argumentation, has been shown to be baseless

—a fallacy in logic not worthy of philosophy, and—quite in the face, as we believe, of the author's profound desire and aim—very perilous to the interests of Christianity. The number is steadily growing of thoughtful persons competent to judge, who have arrived at the deliberate conviction, which some were venturous enough to express from the outset, that the Bampton Lecture is not only fallacious, but is fraught with the gravest danger. Only the first flash from the electric cloud has just shot forth, in the 'Essays and Reviews.' Despotism creates lawless rebound. Men *will not* be forcibly held down, and chained, and crushed. Hand them over to prescriptive authority and to blind faith, and sooner or later they will infallibly assert their manhood, it may be, by some outrageous and terrible token.

Dr. Mansel's uncommon erudition, in his own department, is acknowledged universally; his extensive acquaintance, especially with the history and the course of the science of logic, and with the *materials*, in detail, included under the word philosophy; his practised power, expertness, and acuteness as a logician, and the felicity, and clearness, and sometimes eloquent fervour and force of his writing, are indisputable. But with all this, it is now perceived by many, that he is *not* in the highest sense a philosopher, but is wanting to a certain extent in true philosophic spirit and genius, in comprehension and freedom of mind, and in genuine argumentative power—that power which deals little in petty details and in mere word-strokes, but seizes on grand, massive, fundamental principles. Rarely in his pages do you come on what is philosophically noble, elevating, inspiring, suggestive, creative, radiant with light from an upper region, like a sunbeam from the true heaven. Rarely does he so speak as to wake up and stimulate the hungering spirit of inquiry, the deep love and longing for truth. His influence tends rather to depress, to chill, almost to emasculate. He ever appears as one who has himself quite mastered the region over which he presides, and is quite satisfied, is troubled with no questions, in that region, which he cannot answer, and has only to tell you, somewhat imperiously, where you may go, and where you *must not* go. But his is not the free, expansive, fearless soul, kindling with noble enthusiasm, and cheering on others to ascend along with him, *with bold yet reverent step*, that they may gain a wider prospect, breathe a purer air, and be nerved for yet harder and more daring efforts.

And now to the serious business of this paper! which, however, has been kept in abeyance till now, by no means without design. The innocent purpose has been to pre-create some small interest in an unattractive subject, and to throw upon it a sort of

anticipative light, in the absence of which, it has been judged, many of the readers of 'The Eclectic,' in common with readers in general, might not be disposed or prepared to bestow the attention which may be demanded from them.

Mr. Calderwood's 'Philosophy of the Infinite'—a second edition, but so much enlarged and altered as to be virtually a new book—is the latest answer which has issued from the press to Dr. Mansel, and in certain points to Sir William Hamilton. We have read this volume, from beginning to end, oftener than once or twice, have examined it with all the care and impartiality we could command, and without any hesitation judge it to be a masterly and a modest production, showing the delicacy of true worth and the reticence of real strength, which needs not and will not descend to parade.

Looking, first of all, to the mere dress and style of the piece, we notice an occasional redundancy, a want of condensation, a circuitous instead of a direct and short form of expression, which subtracts somewhat from the idea of robust vigour. But, all in all, it is uncommonly simple, transparently clear, an unpretentious model of calm, philosophical writing, in which, so far as such a subject can be, it is brought down to thoughtful attention and to ordinary educated intelligence.

With regard to the distribution of the parts which make up this able treatise, their collocation, sequence, and structure, if these cannot be vindicated—and they cannot—on the strict principles of logic, it must be remembered that the necessities involved in *the nature of a reply* may have compelled the author, instead of forming a rigid order for himself, to accept the order imposed by his antagonists. We account in this way for that want of accuracy and precision of arrangement which is manifest from the mere headings of the successive chapters. 'Chapter I. Statement of the Question. II. Belief in the Existence of One Infinite Being. III. The Province of Faith as related to that of Knowledge. IV. Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Distinction of the Infinite and Absolute. V. The Characteristics of Knowledge and Thought, as bearing on this Subject. VI. Time and Space. VII. The Knowledge of the Infinite as First Cause. VIII. The Knowledge of the Infinite Being as Moral Governor. IX. The Knowledge of the Infinite Being as the Object of Worship. X. The Testimony of Scripture concerning Man's Knowledge of the Infinite. XI. Concluding Statements.' If it be demanded by the canons of sound criticism, in order to the perfection of a written work,—to the perfection, indeed, of any creative effort, as of painting, sculpture, or architecture,—that it be a united, wisely-arranged,

symmetrical *whole*, answering in its idea to the foundation, the orderly superstructure, and the coping roof of a building, or to the base, the shaft, and the capital of a pillar, the chapters we have quoted do not seem to meet this demand. There is no obvious series and succession in the subjects, no perceptible interdependence and connection one with another. In the treatment of each separate chapter, we have found, on close examination, no want of order—the very reverse. Each is discussed carefully, patiently, with logical consecutiveness and thoroughness; but the separate subjects do not seem to flow *out of* and *into* one another. They *appear*—even much more than they really *are*—miscellaneous and isolated, all essentially bearing on the general theme, but not following one another from any necessity of their nature, which makes one third and another fourth, rather than fifth or sixth, not issuing as from a true beginning onward in orderly, logical, necessary sequence, to a close which fitly completes, compacts, and crowns the whole. It would be unjust, as we have already said, to impute this as a fault to the author, when he may have been, probably was, compelled to adopt the course which he has taken. But it affects the character of the book, the force of the impression it may make on general readers, and its merit as a production, a unity, a whole.

The general execution of Mr. Calderwood's work, including the extent of acquaintance shown with the various branches of the subject, skill in the use of materials, comprehension of the positions to be made out, and logical and argumentative power, as well as facility and felicity of illustration, is marked by excellence of no common kind, and without the least taint of pretence. Here and there, perhaps, as occasionally in Chapters VIII. IX. and X. we meet with something approaching to commonplace, as if the author were giving out used-up thoughts, in stereotyped forms, wanting the stamp of freshness and individuality. But the prevailing and very strong impression created is quite the reverse of this. We feel that we are in contact with a man who is fully endowed for the task to which he has set himself. Or if in any case either his erudition is wanting, or the argument halts, *it is patent*; there is no attempt at concealment, no pretending to what he has not, and no enveloping himself in the fog of high-sounding and unmeaning verbiage. But most frequently his step falters not at all, his tread is strong, firm, assured; and modestly confiding in himself and in the strength of the cause he has taken up, he shirks no point that bears on the discussion, and he spares no pains. Thoroughness, exhaustiveness, is the quality which fitly describes Mr. Calder-

wood's treatment of his subject, both in its details and as a whole. He leaves no corner unvisited, no question untouched. You may be satisfied or not with the result, but at least there has been no ignorant or careless neglect, no slovenly haste, and no superficial imbecility where patient labour was required.

In one *main* point, we shall by and bye attempt to show that the argument of this admirable volume, in our judgment, fails. But even here, we recognise the author's ingenuity and acuteness, and the strength of his analytical as well as synthetical faculty. Altogether, throughout, we meet, again and again, with striking specimens of calm and successful argumentation, and amongst these may be singled out the portion of Chapter IV., from p. 162 to p. 177, which deals with Sir William Hamilton's distinction between the Infinite and the Absolute. It is patient, thorough, entirely successful. Still more emphatically we point to the passage in Chapter VII., from p. 340 to p. 370, containing an examination of the doctrine of Causality, the fundamental vice in the great Scottish philosopher's system, the proper root of whatever in it is erroneous. The examination is searching, severe, and logically unassailable; the argument is sustained throughout with great success; we hold it to be unanswerable and thoroughly triumphant. A happy riddance it is to have swept away this imposing but fallacious theory; and as happy is the result that we can again fall back with confidence on the primitive intuition, 'that for every finite existence there must be a cause.'

Mr. Calderwood deals no less effectively with Dr. Mansel. The plain, straightforward, annihilating process which he conducts when exposing what he judges to be the numerous fallacies, contradictions, and dangerous errors of that distinguished writer, it would not be easy to match in philosophical controversy. If any of our readers have been disposed to confide in the conclusions of the book on the 'Limits of Religious Thought,' whether on the ground of logic or on the broader ground of philosophy, we can promise, supposing them to be candid and capable of fully comprehending the arguments, that their faith will be thoroughly shaken by the perusal of Mr. Calderwood's reply. The patient skill, the acuteness, and the triumphant force of such passages as those from page 181 to 190, 275 to 279, 290, 376 to 379, 407 to 418, 433 to 436, 481 to 486, and many others besides, few, if any, candid and competent persons will find themselves able to resist. It is due to Mr. Calderwood to add, that while broadly putting forward his own convictions and arguments, he never fails in deserved respect to Dr. Mansel, and in the deeper sentiment of reverence for Sir William Hamilton.

A very unfounded charge has been brought against him by a late reviewer, of again and again 'misrepresenting' Dr. Mansel. As a matter of course, the language of the 'Limits,' &c., admits of different interpretations, and Mr. Calderwood may adopt an interpretation which others hold to be untrue. He may *mistake*. We do not say or think he *does*, but he may mistake. To *misrepresent*, however, is totally different and a serious charge. Reviewers are sometimes criminally reckless in the use of terms, which convey more than they actually mean—terms which give deep and undeserved pain to honourable minds.

The gravest portion of our assumed task is still before us! 'What is all this about the Unconditioned, the Absolute, the Infinite?' many are asking. Believing, as we do, that not so much these terms, or the philosophy which adopts them, as the uses and applications to which they have been turned, and the conclusions to which they have been supposed to conduct, are not only of high speculative interest, but have a most important, practical, religious bearing, we do, with all earnestness, desire—it is another question, whether we shall be able—to make the subject, in as simple and short a way as possible, intelligible to thoughtful and patient readers. The difficulty, great under any circumstances, is rendered much harder by the fact, which must be shortly explained, that we are in the awkward position of being compelled, on the one hand to reject, and on the other hand to accept, the doctrine which Mr. Calderwood maintains.

The book is named 'Philosophy of the Infinite;' but an explanatory title is subjoined—'A Treatise on Man's Knowledge of the Infinite BEING.' Let the significant addition be carefully noted—'*Being!*' It is no longer '*The Infinite*,' an impersonal abstraction, but a real, existing '*Being*': God, the one, sole object of worship. Perhaps it was expedient that the second edition of a work, already published, should retain the original title; but, in this case, it was especially unfortunate, and we must hold the subjoined addition, and not the title, to be the true designation of the book. It is perfectly clear, even from the first few pages; and the idea is sustained throughout, and becomes ever clearer, on to the close, that the author is discoursing *of God*, and only of God. He does very frequently employ the phrase, 'The Infinite,' &c., but he ever means only the Divine Being. He recognises one Infinite, and no other; and that is the Living God. His own express words are (p. 498), 'There is, and can be, but one Infinite, and that, not in thought, but beyond thought'—*i.e.*, *in existence*. To him, the Unconditioned is God, and none and nothing else is; the Absolute is God; the Infinite is God, and none and nothing else is. Virtually and really, his

work is a treatise on man's knowledge of God, on *the possibility* of such knowledge, and on the sacred and lofty duty of pursuing it to the furthest legitimate limits. The most important portion of the reasonings which the author conducts bear with all their force on this issue; his main conclusions amount to this; and the spirit, and aim, and purpose of the whole are summed up in this. *Thus regarded*, we welcome 'The Philosophy of the Infinite' with high satisfaction, as an invaluable addition to the efforts that have been put forth in the same direction from other quarters. But, whilst thus expressing virtual and substantial agreement, we are compelled, on other grounds, to assume a position of antagonism. Technically, formally, verbally, we must reject the findings of Mr. Calderwood's work.

It is constantly forgotten, that there is *a history* connected with the religio-philosophical controversy which has of late so much perplexed and excited a portion of the reading public; a history, the light of which is indispensable to do justice to the fundamental ground of debate, and to the early disputants who took a leading part in it. Now more than thirty years ago, when Sir W. Hamilton threw out to the public his astounding article in the 'Edinburgh Review' (since embodied in his 'Discussions'), it is forgotten that he *did not make* the uncouth terms which he employed, Unconditioned, Absolute, Infinite, but *found* them already prepared to his hand. He was the author neither of the ideas nor of the verbal clothing in which they were put. He simply made use of words already occupied and accepted; made use of them in the meaning which had previously been universally attached to them. He could do no other. He could not have touched the philosophy which he attacked, could not have met it at all had he arbitrarily altered its terms and affixed to them a meaning of his own. This fact is often completely lost sight of, though it goes to set aside much of the adverse criticism of which he has been the object.

There can be no question that Hamilton in some few instances employs language in reference to man's knowledge of God which, to say the least, is too susceptible of a meaning dangerous and false. His *actual* meaning, we believe, in such instances, is justly determined only by recollecting his fixed theory respecting *the Infinite*, or Infinity. He never denied a knowledge of *the Divine Being*, or the possibility of pursuing and indefinitely extending that knowledge. Two short sentences of his will show how he himself freely, but reverently, thought and reasoned of God. 'The Divine nature is identical with the most perfect nature, and is also identical with the first cause. If the first cause be not identical with the most perfect nature, there is no

God, for the two essential conditions of his existence are not in combination.* 'The notion of God is not contained in the notion of a mere first cause, neither is this notion completed by adding to a first cause the attribute of omnipotence; it is not until the two attributes of intelligence, and virtue or holiness, are brought in, that the belief in a primary and omnipotent cause becomes the belief in a veritable divinity.† We venture to think that the utmost that Hamilton actually intended ever to convey is virtually expressed in these words of Mr. Calderwood:—'To know the Infinite in all its extent must at all times be an impossibility.' (Hamilton would have added that the idea supposed to be conveyed by the abstract term, *the Infinite*, if not known in all its extent, was not known in any extent.) 'To assert that the finite could *embrace* the Infinite is an absurdity too glaring to bear a moment's reflection.‡ (Hamilton would have added, that in every instance, not to *embrace* is not to know, and that what we know we must *embrace*, con-ceive, com-prehend, *take in* with our thought.) More emphatically is the language of Cousin, quoted by Mr. Calderwood, expressive, to the letter, of Hamilton's doctrine,—'In order absolutely to comprehend *the Infinite*, it is necessary to have an infinite power of comprehension, and that is not granted to us. God (a very different term, let us notice by the way, from '*the Infinite*'), in manifesting himself retains something in himself which nothing finite can absolutely manifest; consequently it is not permitted to us to comprehend absolutely.§

The fact of the case is, that Hamilton throughout, though he unfortunately did again and again trespass on a sphere not strictly his, was dealing with a subject not of theology but of philosophy, and his theological references and terms are not fairly interpreted, except on this distinct understanding. Among the strangest (in the mode of expression) of the positions which he lays down are these:—'We must believe in the Infinity of God, but the Infinite God (that is, we hold, God, in *this* aspect, *as* Infinite) cannot by us, in the present limitation of our faculties, be comprehended or conceived.¶ Again:—'I deny that *the Infinite* (we take it as perfectly clear that by this is meant, not God at all, but the impersonal abstraction, *the Infinite*, or the abstract quality Infinity) can by us be known.¶¶ To put the matter beyond doubt, let these words be looked at,—'Nothing can be more self-repugnant than the assertion that we know *the Infinite* (not God, be it observed) through a finite nature, or have

* 'Discussions,' p. 36. † 'Metaphysical Lectures,' p. 26. ‡ 'Phil. of Infinite,' p. 25. § *Ibid.* p. 21. ¶ *Meta. Lec.* p. 374. ¶¶ *Ibid.* p. 530.

a finite knowledge of an Infinite object of knowledge'* (meaning, as we maintain, in *the one* respect of its Infinity).

Mr. Calderwood more than once states a fact to which singularly he seems to attach little importance, but of which we shall by-and-bye make necessary and ample use—namely, that 'Sir William Hamilton has primarily dealt with what he and many others have called the Infinite, that is, Infinity taken abstractly, without its being regarded as the measure of an actual quality, or attribute belonging to a recognised existence. Contemplating this exclusively, which is only a word, or at best a definition, he has said that Infinity cannot be embraced in our knowledge, which is neither more nor less than the assertion that our knowledge is not infinite,' &c.† To the same effect, 'Sir William Hamilton, in defining the Infinite, and in arguing in reference to it, plainly deals with a mere abstraction, for which no one pleads, either in existence or in thought. It is the Infinite which he considers, rather than the Infinite Being. He takes the *term* Infinite to designate an abstraction, which he characterises as unlimited, unrelated, unconditioned. What then is this Infinite? It is nothing. It has no existence, either externally or in thought. The gratuitous introduction of such an abstraction as this into the speculations concerning the Infinite, favoured as it has been by philosophers both German and British, though it may have given scope for much acute and ingenious reasoning, has resulted in perplexity, from which philosophy can only escape by sweeping away the thing itself, as less than a shadow and really a nonentity, in which words have been only wasted. . . . It is wholly with this abstraction that Sir William Hamilton deals, and it appears to me cause for deepest regret, that such a philosopher, by taking this unwarrantable view, has endeavoured to establish the impossibility of any knowledge of the Infinite, and consequently of the Infinite God.'‡ (Emphatically we say no, he has not done so, but only the impossibility of *comprehending* the idea contained in the term Infinite.) Again, 'It is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the very lengthened discussion concerning the Infinite, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned, found in his writings, there are extremely few references to our belief in the existence of our Infinite Being, and the relation in which we stand to him.' (It is not singular, but in accordance with the fact that he was dealing with a subject not of theology but of philosophy.) 'This shows clearly that Sir William Hamilton entered upon the discussion (the italics are ours) *much more*

* 'Phil. of Infinite,' p. 18. † *Ibid.* p. 503. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 338-9.

with the view of presenting a logical refutation of the theories of Continental philosophers concerning the Absolute, than for the purpose of instituting an original analysis of the facts of consciousness bearing on our relation to the Infinite Being.* (Verily he did, but surely Mr. Calderwood ought to have made account of this fact. It is, we shall try to show, of essential importance.) Again, ‘Sir William Hamilton, in his reply to certain criticisms of mine, is found saying, “There is a fundamental difference between the Infinite (τὸ Ἐν καὶ Πᾶν) and a relation to which we may apply the term Infinite.” Now this definition of the Infinite—the One and the All (τὸ Ἐν καὶ Πᾶν)—does not apply at all to the one Infinite Being in whose existence we believe.’ (It *does not*, indeed, and this shows that, throughout, Mr. Calderwood is contending for a totally different thing from that contemplated by Hamilton, and that they are, therefore, not so opposed as Mr. Calderwood deems.) ‘If this be the Infinite, about which Sir William Hamilton reasoned (it *is* verily and nothing else), there is none such, and it becomes impossible to appeal to any fundamental belief in proof of its reality.’† Again, ‘Sir William Hamilton’s defence is this: “The Infinite which I contemplate is considered only *as in thought*.” If this be all, the discussion is at an end, and there can be no need for writing six sentences on the subject, because no one ever asserted that human thought could in any case extend to such a measure as to become infinite thought. No one ever dreamed of such a thing.’‡

In the view of these quotations, we may surely assert that our author *does not* appreciate the position of his great antagonist, and *does not* recognise the immense service which thirty years ago he rendered to the cause of true philosophy, and, not indirectly, to the cause of true religion. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that Hamilton arbitrarily defined the Infinite for himself, and introduced gratuitous abstractions into philosophical speculation, when in fact, he simply adopted definitions already in use, and abstractions which were then unchallenged; adopted them for the purpose of showing the futility of the philosophy which was based upon them. And if we can *now*, with firm voice, proclaim the absurdity and nullity of these metaphysical figments, shall we forget to whom we are mainly indebted—the man who single-handed first struck the mortal blow at a wild and insane transcendentalism?

As a simple matter of fact, ‘the Infinite *in thought*,’ instead of being ‘asserted by no one,’ was the corner-stone of a philoso-

* ‘Philosophy of the Infinite,’ p. 71. † *Ibid.* p. 80. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 15.

phy than which never one with higher pretensions put its claims before the world. And it was not the mere first suggestion of an idea, as if to try whether the notion would be likely to be received, or a scheme on which a few extravagant minds were united. It was a reigning power, wielding, at the time, an imperial, all but undisputed, sway. It was not a philosophy, but *the* philosophy, the true 'scientia scientiarum' at length discovered. It was, formally, *the* theory of the universe on the basis of logic—a scheme of pure thought, sheer abstraction, 'Das reine Denken,' 'Die reine Abstraction.' In the analysis of *thought*—not *a* thought, not this, that, or the other thought, but thought in the abstract—lay the secret key to the actual universe—so it was proudly maintained. This was the long-hoped for evolution of the All from the One, and the regress of the All back into the One—a logical analysis and synthesis. Far backward, backmost in the recesses of the soul—so it speculated—lay *thought*, vague, dim, unrealised, ever seeking, in order to realisation, its antithesis, having found which, the result was a union of the two opposites in a distinct conception. But again, *this* belonging to thought, *as such*, is also the truth of the eternal thought. 'Die Idée,' not *the* Idea, nor *an* Idea, but *Idea*, Eternal Ideation (if we may so speak), is, 1st, vast Unconditionedness, 'Das Unbedingte.' The word to us has a strange specialty if put into coarse English; un-be-thing-ed; not yet *a thing*, the Absolute, the Infinite. This is 'Die Idée an und für sich,' Idea in itself. 2nd. Eternal thought needs to, and *must* realise itself in its opposite. This is 'Die Idée in ihrem anders-seyn,' Idea in its antithesis. 3rd. Eternal thought, once realised, returns to its source. This is 'Die Idée in sich selbst, zurück-kehrende,' Idea returning back into itself. These three complete the analysis of Idea, that is, God; and this, by the way, is the root of the Hegelian Trinity. But the universe also has its corresponding analysis:—1. 'Das Seyn,' Unconditioned Being. 2. 'Das Nichts,' non-being. 3. 'Das Werden,' the becoming; an eternal process of development, of egress and regress, without end.

And this philosophy of Germany, as it was, at the time when Sir William Hamilton became its critic, was not all darkness, Erebean though the meagre outline may make it appear. At certain points it was luminous, even sparkling and glorious. It fascinated many of the best minds, and it exerted a vast influence on the entire literature of the country. But its foundation was sand, and its spirit was wild, ruthless, revolutionary. It passed into France, was modified in certain aspects, and accommodated to other than German modes of thought, but the

philosophy of Cousin is essentially Hegelian, and it was none the less dangerous that it spoke withal, ever and again, to the deepest and noblest of our intuitions. It was also sharp and clear and exact, as only French philosophy can be; fine as the keenest edge, elegant, brilliant, sparkling, and often surpassingly eloquent. The philosophy of Hegel bid fair to become European without a rival.

In these circumstances what does not Europe, in its philosophy, and in its theology, owe to Sir William Hamilton? He it was, alone, who struck at the foundations of Hegelianism in its German root and in its French outgrowth, and who showed that the 'Unconditioned, the Absolute, the Infinite,' were mere abstractions, and that so far from being able to sustain a system of the universe, they were literally impossible to thought, incognisable and inconceivable. True, he used these uncouth terms; true he reasoned concerning the abstract ideas they were meant to represent. He could no other. He encountered an actual reigning, dangerous philosophy, and he proved it to be baseless.

Here then is the fact, which we think Mr. Calderwood overlooks, and therein fails to do justice to his great antagonist—the fact, namely, that Sir William Hamilton reasons concerning *the Infinite*, and *the Infinite* only, not God, not a Being, but an abstraction, including two distinct meanings: 1st, *the Infinite*, the One and the All, the Totality of things, that Absolute of Hegel, which contains in itself 'all that is actual, even evil included.' 2nd, the abstract quality, Infinity, apply to what it may. This double Infinite he held to be in every sense incognisable and inconceivable. But only *this*, not God, not the Supreme, though it is allowed that occasionally he has employed language not sufficiently guarded, so as to lay himself open to the charge of maintaining that *God* is incognisable. But no. Wherever and in whatever respect the Divine Being is Infinite, *so far, as* Infinite, *in* his Infinity, he is incomprehensible. But no further. For example, God is a Living Being—that is not inconceivable,—a Creator, a Ruler—*these* are not inconceivable; his attributes are power, wisdom, truth, purity, goodness, mercy—*these* are not inconceivable, but very intelligible. But add the attribute Infinite, and you assert that which indeed we know to be true, but which we cannot, and never can reach in conception—that, moreover, of which there can be no partial or inadequate knowledge—but which to be conceived at all, must be all conceived, since it is one single distinct idea and no more. *The Infinite* has no parts, and Infinity is *one* thing, known or unknown, wholly known, or not at all.

Mr. Calderwood, in almost every page, uses the phrases, the Infinite, the Infinite One, the Divine Being, Divine existence,

the Supreme—uses them in common, as if they were identical, and covered precisely the same surface of meaning. They do indeed apply in all their meaning equally to one and the same great Being, and in ordinary theological treatises it is harmless to employ them indifferently. But in the view of a rigidly philosophical discussion, the effect is confusing and mischievous. The phrase, Divine Being, applies indeed to the same One, who is also the Infinite Being. But there is a totally new idea added in the second which is not expressed by the first. There is such an alteration of the terms as totally changes the ground of any affirmation which may be made. The Divine Being may be the object of ever-extending knowledge, but the *Infinite* Being, as Infinite, so far as respects his Infinity, may be unknowable.

The question comes to this: Is the idea of Infinity, attach to what it may, one which we are capable of understanding, which our minds are constituted to *take in*? Passing for the present, the simple fact which is admitted on all hands, that we believe and know that Infinity is a reality, that the living God *is truly* Infinite, this much further may be asserted confidently, that we know, perfectly know, the meaning of the *word* Infinite. It is a human word, made by men, who sought in it to convey something, and we can thoroughly understand what they sought to convey. The word means without limits. We know, we understand the words *without limits*. Everything within our experience has limits, every thought, feeling, kind, or department of knowledge has limits. But we are called to suppose a thing from which all limits are removed. We understand the call, but can we obey it? and the limitless thing, can we conceive it? What is it? where is it? Can we at all, in any way, even imagine it? We cannot! Mr. Calderwood asserts very truly, that from the finite we can never rise above the finite; and yet, speaking personally, we give it as a distinct, conscious experience, that our only method (for ourselves) of approaching—and it is no approach, we hold there **CAN** be no approach—to the realisation of a thing without limits is in some such way as this:—We imagine a line, commencing from the point where we stand, stretching onwards in one direction, without end, and then stretching in the opposite direction, onwards without end. We know perfectly well the meaning of the words without end on either side, but to conceive it, to take in the idea, is for us absolutely impossible. As for taking in a part of the limitless line, be it ever so extended, this would not only not be its limitlessness, but it would be destructive of the idea. When it is argued that there is in the mind a positive idea of Infinity, one is disposed to demand, What is it? put the idea in positive terms; let us have it; if it really be *in*

the mind it must be capable of being expressed. But the demand could not be complied with ; it never has been ; and the necessity has ever been invincible, to make use only of *negative* expressions ; for what reason ? except because we have no *positive* idea to express. And yet, contradictory as it may seem, there is something at least *very distinctive* in those thoughts suggested by and clustering around that word Infinite. 'There is something positive,' says Dr. Morell, 'in the glance which the human soul casts on the world of eternity and infinity.' There *is*, verily, *thus far at least*, 1st, that we do believe and know assuredly that God *is* Infinite ; and, 2nd, that negative as the language is, it *does* enable us to mark *him* out from all the universe besides. This limitlessness is one solitary thing which belongs to him alone ; there is no being or thing besides that is *without limits*. But limitlessness *itself*, to whatever it may apply, to *The All*, or to *The One*, or to any single attribute or attributes of the Great Being, is an idea which it is impossible for the finite mind to *take in*, to conceive. We shall return to the proof presently.

Meantime, we had strongly desired and purposed to examine at some length Mr. Calderwood's exposition of the province of faith and knowledge. This is impossible, in consequence of the length to which this article has already extended. One point only we take up, and that more by way of statement than proof. We hold faith, in every instance, to be a power of reception or acceptance, and therefore always secondary to a knowledge which it presupposes and never can precede. Our primitive faiths, it is true, are the foundation on which the superstructure of all successive acquisitions of knowledge is laid, but our primitive faiths themselves are *first* founded on and take their rise in knowledge. There is a primitive *intuition* or *sense* of a God in the human soul. Consciousness contains and presents *this* intuition. It is recognised, *known*, and then, but not till then, it is *received* ; we put faith in it—a clearly *secondary* act. Again, the intuition comes up in the soul with all the authority of our nature ; we trust it, for our nature is not a lie ; we are satisfied ; the evidence is sufficient, and we accept it—again a *secondary* act. Till a thing be known, it cannot be received ; till it have ground which *we* deem satisfactory to our rational nature, we cannot rest on it. Enough for this point.

It bears directly on the line of thought we were before pursuing, to turn to the chapter on the characteristics of knowledge and thought. In passing, let it be noted that this chapter, and that on the province of faith and knowledge, whatever exceptions we have made, or may now make, are remarkable for a singularly ingenious, acute, and beautiful analysis.

Mr. Calderwood argues from the primary belief in an *Infinite* God—so he puts it—that where faith is there must be knowledge. That which we believe, we must at least *to some extent* know, therefore there must be some knowledge, we *must* form some positive idea, of the Infinite. It is here that he comes into direct collision with Hamilton's strong position, 'We cannot have a finite knowledge of an Infinite object of knowledge' (meaning in *the one* respect of its *Infinity*). Mr. Calderwood's reply is substantially this:—We do not really affect or touch an object by simply knowing it, or thinking of it. The stone, the tree, remain themselves the same, whether they be known by some one or altogether unknown; whether they be thought or unthought of. *Our* knowledge, *our* thought, may be limited, but that is all *within us*, and has no effect on the object without. The gist and force of the whole controversy lie *here*, and this very distinctly proves that, with all its momentous bearings and issues, it is far more logical than metaphysical. What then do I really mean, when I say that I *know* this or that? Is it not this, that I have it *in* my mind? that to the extent in which I know it, *to that extent* I have it *in* my mind? It is *without*, but by understanding it, and, *so far* as I understand it, I have brought it *within*—I have converted it into thought, and in its thought-form it lies in my mind. Is it not, then, plain, that be the object what it may, *if* I know that object, my mind must be capable of *taking it in*? True, I do not alter or affect it, by simply knowing it, but it *must* be such that my mind is *capable of taking it in*. The Infinite, Infinity, Limitlessness, cannot be taken *within* the limits of my knowing power.

Again, to think (meaning to conceive) an object! Is this the same as to think *of*, that is, concerning, an object? All, more or less, may think *of* the Infinite, try to rise towards it, vainly strive in thought to pierce the ever-inscrutable mystery, but to think *it* is another thing. The phrase may grate on our ears as harsh and hard, but it suggests a reality. To think, in this sense, is to conceive, to form a mental image of an object, to convert it into thought. That which I cannot convert into a thought, *to the extent of my inability*, is *not* conceived, *not* thought at all. That of which I cannot form a mental image, *so far*, is *not* conceived, *not* thought, *not* known at all! The question then is, Can I *think* 'The Infinite,' can I conceive it, can I put it into a thought-form, can I *take it in*, within the limits of my thinking power? Impossible! True all thought needs not to be complete and comprehensive thought. We may have partial, incomplete, indefinite thought concerning many things of which, nevertheless, we have *some* conception, and conception, to *some* extent, clear

and distinct. But can we conceive the Infinite, *in so far*, or to *some extent*, and can we thus have *some knowledge* of it? It is impossible. The Infinite, Infinity, is one distinct, solitary, indivisible thing. It has no parts; there can be no such thing as *some* conception of it. It is a simple unity; if seen at all, it is seen *all*.

We hold that the argument which was potent enough to smite the proud fabric of transcendentalism retains its strength and glory. 'The Infinite,' instead of being capable of forming the basis of a philosophy, is incognisable and inconceivable. 'The Infinite' is *not* a subject of human thought at all.

But God is *not* inconceivable or incognisable; God *is* a subject, the grandest, loftiest subject, for human thought, and for reverent and humble investigation. It is this result which places a deep gulf between Sir Wm. Hamilton and Dr. Mansel. Hamilton, at a time when the world needed that a speedy check should be given to presumptuous speculation, stood forward to prove that that speculation was baseless, that the reasonings were false, and that there could be no such thing as a philosophy of 'The Unconditioned.' Dr. Mansel takes, at least, *the chief* of the very reasonings of Hamilton, and directs them, not against a presumptuous transcendental philosophy, but against the faculties of the human mind itself, as if they were helplessly incapable and untrustworthy, and—identifying God with the 'Unconditioned, the Absolute, the Infinite'—against the very possibility of a true knowledge of our Divine Father.

If anything could, this might show the perilous consequences of misapplying terms. 'The Unconditioned, the Absolute, applied to God, not only have no meaning, but are utterly and altogether false. "There is and can be no Absolute God in the philosophical sense of absolved, unrelated. There is and can be no Unconditioned God. The God of consciousness is not 'Unconditioned.' Consciousness never revealed and never could reveal an Unconditioned God. The mere fact of the existence of a conscious creature excludes the possibility of unconditionedness in the Creator. The Great Being has voluntarily *conditioned* himself, has voluntarily placed himself *in relation* with created beings and things. It is not presumptuous to ask, in the view of this single fact, that at least Christian philosophers should for ever abandon this use of these barbarous and most false words. Even a sound philosophy rejects them, but a true theology much more."

Dr. Mansel, however, has thoroughly adopted them, and has throughout reasoned on the ground that they were justly applied to the true God. The result is as disastrous as it is logically

unassailable, if the assumed premises be granted. If God be 'the Unconditioned, the Absolute,' and if these terms cover the same surface of meaning as the single term God, then, since *they* are incognisable and inconceivable, God also must be incognisable and inconceivable. This is actually and literally Dr. Mansel's position. Distinctly, again and again, he asserts that neither by the light of nature, nor by the holy Scriptures, can man ever gain a knowledge of God *as he is*. A *regulative* knowledge is the utmost we can reach, even with the aid of revelation; but how far such regulative knowledge *may be true* we have no means of discovering.

Not such is Mr. Calderwood, but the very opposite; and we venture to say that no abler or more resolute antagonist than he has Dr. Mansel as yet met with. His aim, as we have already said—however we differ from the technical and formal position which he maintains—his aim from first to last is to show the possibility of ever extending knowledge of the blessed God, and to throw upon all the solemn duty of pursuing that knowledge to the furthest limits. To show how thoroughly, in aim and purpose, as well as in terms, he is separated from Dr. Mansel, we quote two noble passages:—

'I confess it impossible for me to see how an adequate record of the facts of consciousness can be attempted without acknowledging that, besides the permanent and uniform conviction of the existence of the Infinite Being, there is another exercise of mind concerning God, which is continually enlarging, as the result of our patient and reverential contemplation of his works. Here inquiry, research, and contemplation are all possible; and, as the result of these, the mind finds itself possessed of a more complete acquaintance with the Divine nature than before. This is *knowledge*.*'

'This is the vindication of unwearying research, even as applied to the highest and grandest spheres to which the mind of man can turn. Certain difficulties we may legitimately hold to be *for ever* insoluble to us, inasmuch as their solution would imply a full knowledge of the Infinite itself. But it is in the highest degree unreasonable to suppose that research has already been carried to its utmost in any sphere, or that any one has attained to the exercise of the full measure of power appointed for man. If thought be exercised in submission to the authority of faith, it may be applied in any sphere, even the highest, and that with boundless scope for research. With faith as our guide, there need be no timid shrinking from reflection and reasoning concerning things divine, as well as human. I perfectly agree with Dr. Mansel in saying that reason is not without restriction, but I also hold that system in the highest degree unphilosophical, which attempts to restrict the mind of man to the contemplation of what is human, to the exclusion of the truth con-

* 'Philosophy of the Infinite,' p. 383.

cerning the Divine perfections. It is not, indeed, the province of human thought to attempt an impossible task, in trying "to remove the boundary which separates the comprehensible from the incomprehensible;" but it is most certainly equally possible and warrantable to extend the region of knowledge still further into the boundless expanse of the unknown. Though it is not the work of human philosophy "to produce a coincidence between what we believe and what we think," it is most certainly the legitimate work of a sound philosophy to carry forward the *discovery* of that coincidence without wearying. I cast aside with surprise the assertion that "action and not knowledge is man's destiny and duty in this life." Strange work it is in the annals of philosophy to attempt the disseverance of knowledge and action. A new ambition it is, to strive for success in inducing men to act without knowledge. Is intelligence of so little worth to man that unintelligent action is to be regarded as his "duty and destiny in this life"? Is it not rather clear that it must be stupid action indeed which is action without knowledge? And, while it is the duty of man to believe much that he cannot understand, it must be very unsatisfactory action which proceeds on a faith which declares that God is, without revealing what he is.*

These high-toned and just sentiments are worthy of the writer, and honourable to him. He is one who, with a conscientious faith in the inspired Scriptures, clings with a grasp as brave and as fixed to the hereditary possessions, the marvellous faculties, and the inalienable rights of the soul, which, great in themselves, become inexpressibly sacred as the mysterious and direct gift of the Divine hand. That is a false philosophy and a false religion, whose effect is to perplex, bewilder, and enfeeble; to instil universal distrust, and to open the way either to despair on the one side, or on the other to the surrender of true manhood, and of the liberty to think and judge for ourselves. It may *seem* a virtue to pour contempt on the human understanding, though it be the power God has given us, and the only power we possess of forming a judgment respecting anything; it may *seem* a virtue to pronounce conscience untrustworthy, and the intuitions of reason a lie, though it be to these very powers that God makes his appeal in his holy word, and though it be only *through* these powers that his voice reaches our nature at all. *This* may seem virtue; but it is a higher style of moral excellence, as we judge, to honour our great Father in the spiritual endowments he hath conveyed to us; to cherish deep in our soul the senses of responsibility; to guard God-given powers, as a sacred trust, and to be impelled to the free and regulated exercise of them on the vast field of secular and religious truth!

It is here that one may perceive the immense importance—

* 'Philosophy of the Infinite,' pp. 128-9.

little discerned as it may be by many—of those abstruse questions that are now agitated in the region of the higher philosophy. They have the surest and widest practical bearing. The possibility is, as things now stand, that we may find ourselves overmastered by a low-toned, repressive, and emasculating philosophy. And too soon the effect of such an issue will show itself, as it always has done, in a corresponding degradation and depravation of religion. *That*, also, inevitably, will become low in its tone, materialistic, secular, servile, and slavish. Let us be well assured that the danger of our age is not so much on the side of scepticism, great though that be, but far more on the side of an unvitalised formalism, whether ritual or doctrinal; a formalism that has no seed of life in it, no power of growth, no root in intelligence, a dead deposit, an accretion, a something laid on the soul, not wrought into it, and springing up from it. The danger to be most feared is a state of things in which religion threatens to degenerate into unthinking superstition, in which to save labour, men throw themselves on blind faith, in which, either through carelessness, or pre-occupation, or aversion to think, they resign to others what is their own inalienable right and their supreme duty, and take refuge in unintelligent submission, or in dogged, stupid adhesion to things as they are. We look to a high-toned, spiritual, aspiring, yet modest philosophy—a philosophy based deep in consciousness and in the Divine intuitions of our rational and moral nature—as, next to the direct influences of an enlightened Christianity, among the most powerful means for saving us from this danger, and repelling its insidious approach. And if ever we needed such a philosophy, it is now, amidst the crowding triumphs of physical science. May they be multiplied! And yet there is danger, great danger, when public attention is almost monopolised by what is honoured as *positive* knowledge; when, besides, *the* professedly scientific historian is all but avowedly shutting God out of history, and denying to man moral freedom and responsibility; when that magniloquent phrase, ‘Eternal order of the universe,’ dispenses with a Providence, almost with a Creator; and when men of mark in our so-called school of English metaphysics, which has long been deeply tainted with the evil spirit of sensationalism, are doing their utmost to convert the philosophy of mind into a department of anatomy, or at best of animal physiology.

In such a time, our students of theology, ingenuous, ardent, aspiring, new to investigation, but humbly determined to pursue it,—our young ministers and—if we might, without presumption, add—our elder ministers no less, are summoned—shall we say?—to stand unflinchingly by the inspired, *written* word of God. *This* they have ever done, and must and will do. But more;

next, and in due subordination, they are specially called to stand by the *unwritten* word of God, within the soul, and by those who recognise and honour *this*. The true ally of Christianity, its faithful expositor and its staunchest defender, we shall find, not in a philosophy which curbs and fetters, enfeebles and enslaves, which treads down the human faculties and casts on them suspicion and contempt, but in one elevating, inspiring, and stimulative in its tendency,—a philosophy which sees God in man's powers, and honours them because it honours him. The endowments, the laws, the acts, and the entire phenomena of mind, must form about the sacredest, as it is the fittest, sphere of study for man. Above all, the deep intuitions of the soul are unutterably precious; they are divine—a holy writing traced by the Divine hand on a wondrous page. Shall we not strive to decipher it? Speak, Lord, for thy servants are listening! But to all other and lower interference, than Divine, we must be prepared to respond with an emphatic No. Our birthright is too precious to be touched by any hand but His who bestowed it. Whatever, in the legitimate sphere of inquiry, would repress, fetter, or intimidate, whatever would tempt us to submit to authority, whatever would encourage an unreasoning faith, we shall bid away, as we would be true to ourselves and to our Divine Judge. Bravely, resolvedly, but humbly, we shall assert and exercise the right of free, honest, independent investigation. Everything dear to Christianity and dear to philosophy is at stake on *this*!

We close with the grave and stirring words of an enlightened living writer, who has done no common service, in the region of high and sound speculation :—

‘I grieve over the attempts, for the last age or two, of a school of thinkers who labour to prove that the understanding or the speculative reason leads to scepticism and nihilism, and then appeal to faith to save us from the abyss before us. I have no toleration for those who tell us with a sigh, too often of affectation, that they are very sorry that knowledge or reason leads to contradictions and insoluble doubts, from which they are longing to be delivered by some mysterious faith. It is time to put an end to this worse than civil strife, to this setting of one part of the soul against another. I do not believe that the understanding, or the reason, or any other power of the mind, lands us in scepticism. I am sure that the criticism which has attacked knowledge, would, if followed out, be no less formidable in its assaults on belief.’*

* M'Cosh—‘Intuitions of the Mind,’ p. 200.

IV.

CHARLES DICKENS' GREAT EXPECTATIONS.*

IT is not hazarding too much to say, that of all writers Dickens is the most universally read,—he is a favourite with all people, literate and illiterate. His writings touch so many sympathies, and probe so many corners of the human heart, that it is not doubtful, but certain, that no writer ever before had so select, with so universal, a range of admirers. Low life, and especially London low life, enjoys him, for he can descend into it, and paint it; he can catch up and talk its slang, and portray its usages and manners, and bring from beneath all that offal and cellarage, the beating heart of a better life into view and hearing, and show humanity, with all its sorrows, and sins, and woes, even there. High life enjoys him, not the less because he washes the rouge from off its cheek, and the lacquer from off its plate, and draws the teeth of its old dowagers, and take the stays off its old dandies. Strong is the attraction by which we are drawn to what we hate and fear. The popularity of Dickens in that circle will be as surely because so many hate him, as in others, because so many love him. The poet enjoys him, as he enjoys all that paints in its various forms and colours nature,—the *ever* varying and the *ever* wonderful; the passion and the agony and the indifference of the human heart, or the storm or sunshine of the world of woods and clouds and waters. The metaphysician enjoys him, because he winds his way into unsuspected and remote corners and delineations of human character, and startles him by the revelations of depths and secrecies in the soul which even he did not suspect; and the philanthropist enjoys him because over all his works and characters there is, not only the genial sunshine of a warm and glowing humanity, but because, better, and beyond even this, there is sympathy with those who paint life as an aspiration and a hope, and whose motto it is never to despair of God and never to despair of man.

A new work, therefore, by Charles Dickens is an event always regarded with interest by general readers. He doubtless possesses the power to impart a very considerable amount of enjoyment to those who are able to receive it in that way. It is true many of his recent works have been rather severely handled by the critics. 'A Tale of Two Cities' pleased nobody. 'Little Dorritt,' spite

* *Great Expectations.* By Charles Dickens, in three Volumes. Chapman and Hall.

of its occasional happy satires, such as 'the Circumlocution Office,' and the description of the race of the 'Barnacles,' was felt to be a failure. No one could suppose in Mr. Dickens decaying power, but there have been many indications of too great a rapidity and variety of work. He seems to be a great worker, and he is unjust to himself. After all the years, and creations, during, and with which he has delighted the world, he may even now be called a young man; for he is still on the sunny side of fifty, full of vigour and activity. Few men living have a greater fame, and few men living have deserved better of fame. Yet, if such sayings were not idle, one might say that he ought to have performed something more perfect and complete. A furious assault was made upon him some two years since by the 'Saturday Review,' and it may be in the memory of readers that a report for some time obtained, that after reading that Review, Mr. Dickens retired to bed and remained for months in a state of hopeless lethargy, that it needed the constant application of warm flannels and bathings of mustard and turpentine, and the united influence of at least a dozen physicians, to restore him to consciousness. We are glad, however, to find that he has survived the attack, and comes before the world with a work equalling, perhaps, in every way any of the cheerful creations of his observant mind and graphic pen.

We shall not here enter into the question, whether Mr. Dickens has used his immense powers for good or evil. This may furnish some remarks in another paper: for the present we shall content ourselves with introducing these volumes to our readers, and very cheerfully express our conviction that they are more free from objectionable material than most of our author's writings. We have no sneers at the Sabbath and Sabbath observances. We have no 'Little Bethels'; no 'Shepherd'; no 'Chadband.' We firmly believe Mr. Dickens knows as much of the ways and manners of religious people as a Hottentot (a gentle critic reminded us, when we said so, that 'we love him so much we wish he knew more'); and when he paints religious people, or attempts to do so, he draws entirely upon the stores of his infinite fancy. But we will leave the discussion of his sins for some other papers, when we are less beneath the influence of the delight with which we have read 'Great Expectations.' It is, even more than is usually the case, shaded by the peculiar pensiveness of effect, which remains when the hearty excitements of the episodes of mirth with which our author indulges his readers have passed away. Many stories flow together in the one, and every story is sad—Miss Havisham's, Provis's, Estella's, Pip's, and Joe's. Amidst much that charms to laughter, there runs the perpetual feeling of a thoughtful mind, to whom, life, and man, and society, present perpetual thoughts

of sorrow and of mystery. We like such remarks as the following:—

‘It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one’s self in going by, and I know right well, that any good that intermixed itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restlessly aspiring, discontented me.’

In the following picture we have Mr. Dickens’ mixture of pathos, and humour, and graphic strength. How like him, and his pictures, is that likening the hulks to “a wicked Noah’s ark,” in his retaking of the convict:—

‘By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah’s ark. Cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship seemed in my young eyes to be ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.’

Dickens is the novelist and poet of great cities and of civil life, especially of London life. We do not know of whom beside we can say this. All the varieties of London life lie before him. Wordsworth was not more truly the poet of the lakes, or Scott or Burns the poets of Scotland, than Dickens is the poet of the London streets; and which is greatest we will not say. God made the human heart not less than fields and flowers, but more; for he breathed into man the breath of his own life. This is the age of great cities, and Dickens is the painter of great cities. He flies to the country, and he enjoys it well; but he will not stay long away from town. In the great sea, where human passions rage and roll, he sees the Orient pearls, the forests of submarine beauty, the flowers; even the nymphs and the nereides, as well as the sea shells. He sees also all the repulsive forms that float greedily to and fro there. It is not too much to say he is the epic poet of city life. He loves to haunt the pavement, to watch the varying lights and shades of human countenance. The new fiction before us is no exception to this. As in ‘Martin Chuzzlewit,’ our writer hurries from Salisbury to London, to the pleasant old boarding-house at ‘Todgers’s’; and in ‘David Copperfield’ is glad to escape from Canterbury to the more congenial climate of Doctors’

Commons; so, here, the first volume contains some most loveable pictures of the village, and village life among the marshes. But the author hurries away to the more fascinating scenery of the city suburbs—Walworth, and Hammersmith, and Newgate, and the banks of the Thames. The present work, like the 'Sketches by Boz,' abounds in crayons of London life, both places and persons. Here is a description of Barnard's Inn, Holborn:—

'My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

'We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers into which these houses were divided, were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay, and miserable make-shift; while To Let, To Let, To Let, glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the gravel. A frouzy morning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far my sense of sight; while dry rot and wet rot and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat and mouse and bug, and coaching-stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, "Try Barnard's Mixture."

The picture is distinct enough, but would suggest many a similar spot in a great city. But London is appalling in the everlasting bustle and presence of its mysteries, and they seem to haunt such places as these. They hang a terrible enchantment over it, by night and by day. What revelations stare out from every countenance to those disposed to look! You need not follow to their homes. You see might, majesty, and misery, all side by side. Silence never seems to fall here. There is a constant murmur—a drowsy music. A city like London, put it all into the alembic, its Whitechapel and its Vanity Fair, its Exchange and its Almacks, its Buckingham Palace and its Spitalfields, its Westminster Abbey and its Spurgeon's Tabernacle; put all into the alembic, distil the essence from all—from the miserable garret behind Fleet Street, where prostitution and felony break bread together; from the Garrick Tavern,

or the Coal Hole, where dissipation dances its drunken round; from the poorly-furnished and highly-rented rooms in the City Road, where patient industry and poverty strives as best it can to make the best of life; from the stone yard of Newgate, where the innocent and the guilty lie together in waiting for sentence or freedom; from the condemned cell and the Press Room, where the hardened strives to brave it out to the last, but breaks down in the attempt; from the Green Room of Drury Lane, where apes attempt to simulate reality; from the gallery of the Olympic, or Surrey, or Covent Garden, where the witlings of London cockney life linger amidst the fumes of oranges and cigars and the sounds of lemonade corks;—take all this, and fuse it down into a moral alembic, and you may chance to be startled if the poet allows its full and perfect individuality to be presented to you. That tall and stately person slowly walking down Fleet Street is Mr. Dombey, the wealthy merchant, the proud Timon, who shall not, like Timon in his fall, carry with him even the recollection of the genius and taste he has gathered in his drawing-rooms or saloons. That carriage—do you envy the beautiful lady who lounges there?—it is Lady Dedlock; not as you think her, the miserable, spoilt child of fashion and ennui, but a stoic heart with grief that will not die gnawing and preying on her spirit. That old gentleman strolling along, you may know him—he is the Prince of Deportment, Turveydrop, who was born on purpose to teach mankind to bow and to dance; and who will think, when he hastens to his last long night, that he has not spent his life in vain. Yonder goes Sampson Brass, the lawyer, the pettifogging scoundrel; and at no great distance from him follows that highly respected and respectable attorney, Mr. Tulkinghorn, Sir Leicester Dedlock's legal adviser. There are the two round, good-tempered, good-natured brothers, Cheerible, bound on some benevolent mission; and not far behind them is Mrs. Jellaby, her head full of moonshine, and of the improvement of the condition of Borrioboola Gha. Look at Ralph Nickleby, the usurer, and the rascal, hatching with Arthur Gride, the miser, the misery of his niece,—do you not know them by their low and baboon-like brows? and young Lord Verisopht, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, crow and pigeon, arm in arm together. This stately, well-dressed man, with the sparkling, smiling, white teeth, and the feline-looking eyes, is Carker, Mr. Dombey's most confidential friend; this is Bucket, the detective, laying down the law with his forefinger to George, the rifleman; and there is Jefferson Brick, citizen of 'the nation that knocks all other nations to immortal smash.' He, then, is here for a little while; and if it did not seem something out of date, we might surely think that was dear old Gabriel Varden, and his pretty daughter Dolly; and see how unmistakeable is yonder lofty-

headed gentleman, the immortal Pecksniff, and stealthy as a cat brushes past him Nadgett, the informer.

Now to paint, in rapid succession, so many figures, is not perhaps so extraordinary; but to preserve their identity—to shoot a separate soul into every one, *this is* extraordinary;—nay, it is what not only, *only* Dickens could do, but *he* only in a great city. How amazing is this variety of nature! So many pieces of the great human whole. Where do we see man more in his state of *abandonment* and ease? We think, in cities. In villages, we know characters are most individual, for their individuality sits awkwardly upon them; they will be free, but are sensible that in their freedom they are looked at. Cities are the places where you may find solitude—

‘This is to be alone;
This, this is solitude!’

Mr. Dickens’ books abound in these eccentricities, men and women whom he has animated with real human hearts. Of these Mr. Wemmick and ‘the Aged,’ are among the most distinct and individual of his creations: the wedding of that worthy will seem to most readers sufficiently strange.

‘Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking tighter than usual, and having a sleeker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

‘When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. “Why, we are not going fishing!” said I. “No,” returned Wemmick, “but I like to walk with one.”

‘I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went towards Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly:

“‘Halloa! Here’s a church!’”

‘There was nothing very surprising in that; but again, I was rather surprised, when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea:

“‘Let’s go in!’”

‘We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time, Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper there.

“‘Holloa,” said he. “Here’s a couple of pair of gloves! Let’s put ’em on!’”

‘As the gloves were white kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong

suspicious. They were strengthened into certainty, when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

"Holloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding."

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves, a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself and pull away at them; while I, for my part, held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present an equal and safe resistance. By dint of this ingenious scheme, his gloves were got on to perfection.

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in order at those fatal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself, as he took something out of his waistcoat-pocket before the service began, "Holloa! Here's a ring!"

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew-opener, in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a feint of being the bosom friend of Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman's being unintentionally scandalised, and it happened thus. When he said, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentleman, not in the least knowing what point of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which the clergyman said again, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most estimable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now Aged P., you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great briskness, before saying that *he* gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I had doubts for the moment whether we should get completely married that day.

It was completely done, however; and when we were going out of church, Wemmick took the cover off the font, and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "Now, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly shouldering the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether anybody would suppose this to be a wedding-party!"

And accordingly, while in circumstances it may seem that men in cities most resemble each other, it will be found that in minds there is really the greatest difference. Their faculties are sharpened more there,—the mind is there more occupied; there is more eccentricity. Indeed, eccentricity is a mental feature depending on men-

tal freedom and population. We have never been where eccentric characters were not to be found. If man will be himself, he will be eccentric. Sameness is not surely a greater characteristic of the mind than the body. Faces are not alike: why should minds be? Man cannot in fact tread in a circle—he shoots to and fro in angles and tangents. We think it is so, that in villages you see more of bodily and circumstantial eccentricity; in towns, more of the same feature shaping itself to moral freedom.

This feature is most important to notice in Dickens' writings. Eccentricity is only another word for the Over Soul; and our writer realises this. He pours forth an infinite tide of surplus energy. He delights in giving shape and body to his volitions and his fancies. He delights to create a body, in order that the idea within may become organic. He does not, as Bulwer does, create a being, the representative and type of a class, in fact, a generalization, but he gives to you humanity in all its little details. We regard some writings, and Bulwer's among the rest, as a maze where you may find specimens of a class; and this supposes great art, great order, great arrangement; nothing of which obtains in Dickens.

No, those bulky volumes of his are like nothing so much as the streets of London, with all the shifting, and crowding, and jostling passengers, moving to and fro. In illustration of this the reader may notice what an amazing affluence of incident there is here—incident that meets us naturally as incidents do in life, having no special connection with the story. Indeed it often happens in Dickens (and we are aware that it will seem a defect of his writing) that you lose sight of the story in the passing incident; and the architecture of the story you scarcely ever have time at all to contemplate. As in a city reared long long ages since, the palaces remain marble and stone, though the hands that reared them have long since mouldered, and you pass along by houses, from every one of which the death-bier passed centuries ago,—by cathedrals, and by mausoleums, hoary with the damp, and dews, and frosts, and storms of generations, by churchyards where they lie entombed, by crazy old chambers creaking to their decay, by lanes and alleys where of old citizens of good repute had their stores; and as you pass, the lights of modern shops and theatres glare out on your pathway, and long flashes of phantasmal lustre reek up into the black night. But amidst all this you think not of the Ancient and Modern, nor of the city, nor its halls nor its shows, but are fascinated by that amazing stream of life, flowing, on, on, on—whither? Whither, but through, and to the sepulchres about you. So in these works, the vesture is lost sight of in the varying humanity, although that very humanity catches its colours from the world through which it moves.

It is very amazing, the power of sympathy in virtue of which it is that man ever performs—and what is it? Sympathy, we say it is by which Shakspeare obtains his mastery over us. It is sympathy, too, by which Dickens obtains his. It is not sympathy in Milton, it is scarcely sympathy in Bulwer; we have here in poet and in novelist, more scholarship, more knowledge of the world as a whole, more attainment, more sublimity, but how inferior the position in the estimation of men in both instances! It is sympathy, we say, which makes the distinction. What is this, this sympathy? Perhaps we shall only shift the ground of difficulty if we say it is instinct—moral instinct: it is that moral law by which everywhere, and in all things, like turns to and loves its like. As in the human frame, the absorbents turn to and receive that which builds up and gives nutrition to the system, by instinct accepting, by instinct rejecting. Instinct is the great illustrator of all health and all disease. This is the key to all so-called contagion. You see some persons walk unharmed through the very furnace of disease, they enter with impunity the house where cholera rages, where small-pox has stretched its victims; they pass unscathed through malarious swamps, through pestilence-haunted alleys and lanes. We think nothing can be more certainly proved than that all persons are not susceptible of contagion, even when it breathes its most malignant breath: there must be a law for this. And we find it in the morbid state of the body itself; in other words, in its instinctive alliance with, and attraction for the disease. The secretion of morbid tissues is disease; it is the morbid frame, the diseased and vitiated frame that shrinks from contact: because it has not the power to reject, it will die. It is so with intellectual and moral health and disease: there are some natures can walk unharmed through the most pestilential regions, their natures will not absorb the guilt; they see prison, or brothel; they enter them alike with safety; they are the angels of our race, instinctively attracting the good and rejecting the evil. Now there are two ways by which we know disease,—by looking at it, and by experiencing it; but we all know that the knowledge of experience is in this case seldom the most competent to describe. And some knowledge will be very empirical, as all knowledge is that relies on experience alone; thus the medical man who walks through the infirmary will have a better acquaintance with the forms of disease than the solitary patient who lies on his bed, and is intensely occupied in the excruciating agony of his own woes. But here again, how few can walk through an infirmary, where strength and tenderness is needed, to glance on all those repulsive forms and morbid conditions; and how difficult to retain, when the kind tour is accomplished, the spectacle in the heart, and to give it forth in adequate tones, commensurate to the woe

of the spectacle? But if you could conceive some such voyage round the great continents of pain, some such traveller over the scenery of material sorrow, speaking to all the assembled victims of every kind of disease, describing their old state, and in tones of kindness delineating those who like themselves hung low on the dizzy cliffs of pain and death—would he not shoot a spark of sympathy into every mind, because in turn touching on every experience and awakening the recollection of the old pain and sorrow?

Such is, in some measure, the delineation of the character of the genius of Dickens; it is its sympathy: but in saying that we only partially describe it—all genius holds its power in sympathy. Milton's sympathy was with *strength*. Dante's with pain. Bulwer's with mental sorrows and aspirations. Dickens, like Shakspeare, although in a greatly inferior degree, with humanity—humanity, especially in its grief and its sorrow, its perversity and its despair; humanity, and never surely did any writer paint so wonderful a stream of human figures; their superabundance is amazing, their individuality is astonishing, his mind attains everlasting variety and accuracy, every little portrait is perfect, and the smallest miniature differs from its neighbour.

There is some part of us which touches all men, the great heart of the strong and mighty sympathy is able to touch all men. For the inclusiveness of humanity is very wonderful too, but how much more astonishing the inclusiveness of genius! Genius has within itself all men, Cæsars and Brummells, Buonapartes and Neros, Miltons and Newtons, Howards and Greenacres. Genius is preeminently the microcosm. Genius has an affinity with all beings, all things, all states of humanity, it responds to everything. Everything responds to it by strong penetrative intuition; it reads the heart of all, it lifts the curtain from before every mind, feels its way along the galleries and corridors of thought. We do not say it sees: genius feels ever better than it sees; as talent sees better than it feels.

Have we not said, and said justly, how amazing is the power of genius! And truly all men are greater than they know; but what does startle one is the ease, the perfect ease with which genius transfers itself from one mind to another. See, you shall have altogether in the same room a beauty reserved, sensitive, proud, powerful, like lady Dedlock, a sly old lawyer like Tulkinghorn, a lovely little housewife like Esther Summerson, a literary vagabond like Harold Skimpole, and fifty others; they shall all be conversing together. Genius who created them, and described them, or rather who did not describe them, but still more wonderfully left them to describe themselves, shall compel each to speak, and so perfectly, that you are sure they are speaking. How wonderful this darting from soul

to soul *instantly*, this transfusion of soul, and with ease; with ease, no effort perceptible. Genius cannot resolve for us, the law by which it does this; it does it, it knows not how; it gives itself no time to think, it is immediate and spontaneous action,—it is sympathetic.

Most readers will admire in Dickens those slight shades of expression that throw such pathos into the whole picture, as when poor Barnaby Rudge is about to be hung, while the scoundrels and villains are shrinking from death. Is it not pathetic to see the poor mad boy turn to the brutal Hugh, and say, 'Hugh, we shall know what makes the stars shine now.' When poor Oliver Twist is starting away on his dreadful and dark journey, from his hard home to his harder trials and fate, it is a beautiful touch that 'in the cold and dark night, the stars seemed to the boy's eyes farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before.' We have all felt how much Dickens can concentrate in a line. He is a mighty master over our tears. Death-beds have been the hackneyed themes of poet and novelist and preacher, but from his pen there drops ever the new form that melts and electrifies. Thus the death of Florence's mother, Mrs. Dombey—the neglected wife—whom the voice of her darling cannot wake, however loudly she may call 'Mamma,' 'Oh, dear mamma—oh dear mamma.' 'The doctor gently brushed the scattered ringlets of the child aside from the face and the mouth of the mother. Alas how calm they lay there, how little breath there was to stir them! Thus clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon that dark and unknown sea that rolls all round the world.' And who does not remember the death-bed of that wretched old padded skeleton—Mrs. Skewton, who to the last, old, worn, paralytic, would mock nature with the simulation of beauty, with rouge and curls, and artifices, decorated for the tomb after her lifelong great lie—one long social hypocrisy, like thousands of women and men about us—after her ignominious sale of her daughter, and pandering to every nauseous and sickly pantomime of natural feeling. Do you remember her, then, on her death-bed, stricken and shaken to and fro by palsy and paralysis?—she will still retain, in her horrid life in death, the appearance of fashion. It is a dreadful painting. 'It is better that few eyes should see her, and her daughter watches her alone. A shadow even on that shadowed face, a sharpening even of the sharpened features, and a thickening of the veil before the eyes into a pall that shuts out the dim world, is come. Her wandering hands upon the coverlet join feebly palm to palm, and move towards her daughter, and a voice—not like hers, not like any voice that speaks our mortal language, says:—

“For I nursed you!”

‘Edith without a tear kneels down to bring her voice closer to the sinking head, and answers, “Mother can you hear me?”’

‘Staring wide she tries to nod in answer.

“Can you recollect the night before I married?”’

‘The head is motionless, but it expresses somehow that she does. “I told you then that I forgave you your part in it, and prayed God to forgive my own. I told you that the past was at an end between us. I say so now again. Kiss me, mother.”’

‘Edith touches the white lips, and for a moment all is still. A moment afterwards, her mother with her girlish laugh, and the skeleton of her Cleopatra manner, rises in her bed.

‘Draw the rose-coloured curtains. There is something else upon its flight beside the wind, and the wind and the clouds. Draw the rose-coloured curtains close!’

And that is also very beautiful, after the tender ministrations of Captain Edward Cuttle: ‘Long may it remain in this mixed world a point not easy of decision which is the most beautiful evidence of the Almighty’s goodness—the delicate fingers that are formed for sensitiveness and sympathy of touch, and *made* to minister to pain and grief—or the rough hard Captain Cuttle hand, that the heart teaches, guides, and softens in a moment.’

A very different death-bed to that of Mrs. Skewton’s is that of poor Joe. The neglected boy of the low alley, called Tom All Alones, who, with his poor human heart and unknown interests, has been hunted to and fro, up and down, by policemen through the streets, till here he is brought to bay at last by Death.

‘Joe is in a sleep or in a stupor to-day, and Allan Woodcourt, newly arrived, stands by him, looking down on his wasted form. After awhile he softly seats himself upon the bed-side, with his face towards him—just as he sat in the law-writer’s room—and touches his chest and heart. The cart had very nearly given up, but labours on a little more. The trooper stands in the doorway, still and silent. Phil has stopped in a low, clicking noise, with his little hammer in his hand. Mr. Woodcourt looks round with that grave professional interest and attention on his face, and, glancing significantly at the trooper, signs to Phil to carry his table out. When the little hammer is next used there will be a speck of rust upon it.

“Well, Joe! what is the matter? Don’t be frightened.”

“I thought,” says Joe, who has started, and is looking round, “I thought I was in Tom All Alone’s agin. Is there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?”

“Nobody.”

“And I a’nt took back to Tom All Alone’s, am I, sir?”

“No.” Joe closes his eyes, muttering “I’m wery thankful.”

‘After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice,

“ Joe, did you ever know a prayer ? ”

“ Never know'd nothink, sir.”

“ Not so much as one short prayer ? ”

“ No, sir, nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speaking to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gent'men come down Tom All Alone's, a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talking to themselves, or a passin blame on t'others, and not a talking to us. We never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it wos all about.”

‘ It takes him a long time to say this, and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes of a sudden a strong effort to get out of bed.

“ Stay, Joe ! What now ? ”

“ Its time for me to go to that there berriin-ground, sir,” he returns with a wild look.

“ Lie down, and tell me, Joe, what burying-ground ? ”

“ Where they laid him as wos werry good to me ; werry good to me indeed he wos. It's time for me to go to that there berriin-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used for to say to me, “ I'm as poor as you to-day, Joe,” he ses. I wants to tell him that I'm as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him.”

“ By-and-bye, Joe ; by-and-bye.”

“ Ah, praps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him ? ”

“ I will, indeed.”

“ Thankee, sir ; thankee, sir ! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for its allas locked. And there's a step there as I used for to clean with my broom. Its turned werry dark, sir. Is there any light a comin' ? ”

“ It is coming fast, Joe.”

‘ Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

“ Joe, my poor fellow.”

“ I hear you, sir, in the dark ; but I'm a gropin', a gropin'. Let me catch hold of your hand.”

“ Joe, can you say what I say ? ”

“ I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good.”

“ OUR FATHER.”

“ Our Father. Yes, that's werry good, sir.”

“ WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.”

“ Art in heaven. Is the light comin', sir ? ”

“ It's close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME.”

“ Hallowed be thy —.”

‘ The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead, dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right

Reverends, and wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts, and dying thus around us every day.'

No reader of Dickens has to be told to notice how he piles absurdities in rapid succession upon each other, like the very bricks of his humorous building. He sees in the most out-of-the-way objects grotesque, and queer, and comical analogies; he sets but light store by them, for they roll and tumble about like waves over and through all his works. Indeed, many will be inclined to regard them as one of his chief excellences; on the contrary, they are the vice of his writings. His profusion of absurdity, his perception of the ludicrous analogies of things, is not short of amazing. And what is no less remarkable is, that it does not appear to impair his moral character and balance—it is so difficult to retain seriousness of purpose and mental health, when every object and every character met suggests a joke. In selecting from such an immense ocean, we know that we only again commit the old mistake of the philosopher who carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen of the building he wished to sell. The truth is, you cannot subtract a joke from a character. How often it is, that that which sets a table in a roar, repeated by itself, becomes vapid and tame; a joke repeated without the circumstances is frequently like cutting a tree from one of Claude's landscapes—or the beauties of English literature in a Murray's "Grammar"—or a bottle of soda-water with the cork drawn for an hour—or any other stale, flat, half-and-half thing; and, further, the absurdities of Dickens, like the conceits of Shakspeare, are precisely the parts of his writings to which many would take the greatest exception. We are pleased to notice that in the work before us there is less of this than in perhaps any other work of our author—less to interfere with the march and unity of the whole story. These conceits show the amazing fertility of the writer, and that superabundance of life in him which gives life to all, even the most inanimate things. Other writers have noticed this. To his perceptions, old, deserted, broken-windowed houses grow crazed with 'staring each other out of countenance,' 'the iron heart of an old grim clock beats heavily within his dusty case.' In the neighbourhood of Todgers, 'strange, solitary pumps were found hiding themselves for the most part in blind alleys, and keeping company with fire-ladders;' a beadle's pocket-book, 'like himself, was corpulent;' a gloomy building, with chambers in it, up a yard, where it had so little business to be that 'one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house playing at hide and seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again;' and potatoes,

after Cratchet had blown the fire, 'bubbled up and knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.' Thousands of instances of this wonderful spirit of ludicrous combination and exaggeration might be selected.

'In the undertaker's shop against the wall were ranged a long row of elm boards, cut into the same shape, and looking in the dim light like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches pockets.'

"A man," said Sampson Brass, "who loses forty-seven pound ten in one morning by his honesty, is a man to be envied. If it had been eighty pound the luxuriousness of the feeling would have been increased. Every pound lost would have been a hundredweight of happiness gained. The still, small voice," continued Brass, smiling, and tapping himself on the bosom, "is a singing comic songs within me, and all is happiness and joy."

"I hope the young ladies will enjoy their trip," said Martin.

"Oh! that I'm sure we shall!" cried Mercy, clapping her hands.

"Good gracious, Cherry, my darling, the idea of London!"

"Ardent child!" said Mr. Pecksniff, gazing on her in a dreamy way. "And yet there is a melancholy sweetness in these youthful hopes! It is pleasant to know that they never can be realised. I remember thinking once myself, in the days of my childhood, *that pickled onions grew on trees, and that every elephant was born with an impregnable castle on his back. I have not found the fact to be so; far from it; and yet those visions have comforted me under circumstances of trial.* Even when I have had the anguish of discovering that I have nourished in my breast an ostrich, and not a human pupil—even in that hour of agony they have soothed me."

From the volumes before us many such illustrations might be quoted. The portrait of Mr. Wopsle, the parish-clerk:—

'Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"'

Uncle Pumblechook's sentiments upon subjects fit for discussion in the pulpit:—

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to

find a subject, if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, "Look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

When Mr. Dickens wills, this grotesqueness becomes weird and ghastly, as in the first introduction to a portrait of Miss Havisham:—

'We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

'At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

'I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

'To this she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

'This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

'Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

'She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

'It was not in the first moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the

dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could."

Our author has not in this, as in most of his later works, set himself to the task of specially rectifying social sins and abuses; but we must not omit to notice the deserved ridicule and admirable humour with which he brings into contempt the solemn farce of funerals, and the woeful ways of undertakers. The hero of the tale is called to the funeral of his sister:—

'Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge.

'It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the times when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Tickler. For now, the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and saw that Trabb and Co. had put in a funereal execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognised a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

'Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlour. Here, Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black

long-clothes, like an African baby ; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

‘Poor dear Joe, entangled in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room, where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been stationed by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, “Dear Joe, how are you?” he said, “Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she were a fine figure of a —” and clasped my hand and said no more.

‘Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking, I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlour being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments ; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom ; but there was a cut-up plum cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life, one full of port, and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook in a black cloak and several yards of hat-band, who was alternately stuffing himself and making obsequious movements to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded, he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said in a subdued voice, “May I, dear sir?” and *did*. I then descried Mr. and Mrs. Hubble ; the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going to “follow,” and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

“Which I meanter say, Pip,” Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called “formed” in the parlour, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance ; “which I meanter say, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms, but it were considered wot the neighbours would look down on such and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect.”

“Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all !” cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. “Pocket-handkerchiefs out ! We are ready !”

‘So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two ; Joe and I ; Biddy and Pumblechook ; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door, and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the postboy and his comrade.

‘The neighbourhood, however, highly approved of these arrange-

ments, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "*Here they come!*" "*Here they are!*" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hat-band, and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

'And now, the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there, my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

'Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing, I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honour, and to hint that she would have considered it reasonably purchased at the price of her death. After that, he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port, and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargeman that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.'

In the writings of our author our readers have often noticed how often, with admirable artist's skill, he brings the circumstances of weather and scenery into unison with the shifting destinies of the human heart. It seems, indeed, to be often so in life. Thus this fine picture of the storm preludes the misery of the volume:—

'It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind.

So furious had been the gusts, that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of windmills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast, of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

‘Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten light-house. Occasionally, the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little, was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain), I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.’

Space warns us that we have already dwelt too long upon these volumes, and quoted too lengthily. We have only to say that, as in all the books of our author, they are the entrance into the heart of sorrow and of lowly life. The story of Provis, the convict, adds to the number of Mr. Dickens’ noble efforts to lift the veil from the sad circumstances of those whom society first dooms and then damns. No one can doubt his hearty sympathy with whatever tends to bless or redeem the wretched and the miserable. We have contented ourselves with pointing out the characteristics of the present volumes, without marking our exceptions to the writings of their wonderfully active author.

V.

THE NEW MINUTE ON EDUCATION.*

THE Revised Minute of the Privy Council has created quite a consternation in the ranks of those who have depended for the maintenance of their systems of education upon the receipt of Parliamentary grants. Great is the alarm ; it amounts even to a panic. 'The fear that they greatly feared has come upon them.' The *Record* denounces 'the revolutionary and repudiating provisions of the new code.' The *Watchman* 'cannot repress the apprehension that the great change now introduced *will deteriorate public education.*' Mr. Reynolds, the excellent Hon. Secretary of the Home and Colonial Training Institution, 'fears that, if this new code stands, the days of training institutions are numbered.' In various parts of the country certificated teachers are gathering together to protect their vested interests ; for it seems education is to be 'protected' now ; indeed, in the course of two or three weeks, the Revised Code has created quite a storm, and those who have sat under the shadows of the Government grant with great delight, and have found its fruit very sweet to their taste, seem almost to regard these new Minutes as the premonitions of an earthquake, likely to destroy the whole of their pleasant system. It is plain

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- * 1. *Minute of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, Establishing a Revised Code of Regulations presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.* 1861.
 - 2. *Copy of Papers by Mr. Tremenheere, addressed to the Secretary of the Educational Commission.* 1861.
 - 3. *Report of the Committee of Council on Education.* With Appendix. 1860—1861.
 - 4. *Popular Education in England ; being an Abstract of the Report of the Royal Commissioners on Education.* With an Introduction and Summary Tables. By Herbert S. Skeats. Bradbury and Evans.
 - 5. *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1861. Art. 'Popular Education in England.'
 - 6. *The Welsh Education Question and the Bishop of St. David's.* A Review of his Lordship's Recent Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's. Ward, London.
 - 7. *A Letter to N. W. Senior, Esq.* By Edwin Chadwick, Esq.
 - 8. *The Popular Education of France, with Notices of that of Holland and Switzerland.* By Matthew Arnold, M.A. Longman, Green, and Co.

they have no faith in the desire for education, or in themselves, or in local voluntaryism. Government withdraws its paternal hand—it only lends them a paternal finger—and they are ruined.

The 'revolutionary' behaviour of this wicked Privy Council is very much insisted on ; it never seems to have been thought that the whole thing, and every grant made, has been revolutionary and unconstitutional : hundreds of thousands, millions of money, have been granted away year after year without any Parliamentary sanction—granted so, simply because the nation threw back every scheme devised by one party and another to give the Government the guidance and the control of educational funds and machinery. The matter has come to that very issue it was long known by thoughtful men it would assuredly reach. It was known when those first 'promises of a shower' dropped upon the delighted recipients, that they would speedily be succeeded by 'an abundance of rain !' The first modest drops fell, but perhaps few who saw the grant in 1839 of £30,000 could suppose that in 1859 the grant would increase to £836,920. The Lords of the Council have no doubt themselves been startled by the very enormity of their munificence ; for ourselves, when we remember who for the most part have received and asked for these alms, we cannot forbear the expression of our indignation ; attempting by every conceivable method in a more honest and upright manner to circumvent the friends of free and voluntary education, the friends of taxed and compulsory education have no doubt stolen a march upon them, and that has been done against law, and over law, which could not be done when appealing fairly to the people, and so the end is, that the Privy Council Committee has expended from 1839 to December 1859 £4,378,183 4s. 9½d. We shall attempt presently to discover to whom and with whom rests the principal portion of this pleasant item.

We are not disposed in this paper to enter especially into the argument of the province of Government to touch this question of education ; it is enough to say for the present that, like everything else which Government touches, they only touch it to leave the mess and the muddle of their own fingers upon it and about it. 'Why don't *you* take it, then?' we have often been asked when we have represented to some in conversation the vast injustice of the whole arrangement ;—'why don't you take it, then?' and we have said, 'Because we indignantly deny the right of Government to give it, or even to meddle in these matters.' It is said to be the duty of Government to encourage education, and to encourage education by Building Grants, and Capitation

V.

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THE Revised Minute of the Privy Council has created quite a consternation in the ranks of those who have depended for the maintenance of their systems of education upon the receipt of Parliamentary grants. Great is the alarm ; it amounts even to a panic. 'The fear that they greatly feared has come upon them.' The *Record* denounces 'the revolutionary and repudiating provisions of the new code.' The *Watchman* 'cannot repress the apprehension that the great change now introduced *will deteriorate public education.*' Mr. Reynolds, the excellent Hon. Secretary of the Home and Colonial Training Institution, 'fears that, if this new code stands, the days of training institutions are numbered.' In various parts of the country certificated teachers are gathering together to protect their vested interests ; for it seems education is to be 'protected' now ; indeed, in the course of two or three weeks, the Revised Code has created quite a storm, and those who have sat under the shadows of the Government grant with great delight, and have found its fruit very sweet to their taste, seem almost to regard these new Minutes as the premonitions of an earthquake, likely to destroy the whole of their pleasant system. It is plain

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they have no faith in the desire for education, or in themselves, or in local voluntaryism. Government withdraws its paternal hand—it only lends them a paternal finger—and they are ruined.

The 'revolutionary' behaviour of this wicked Privy Council is very much insisted on ; it never seems to have been thought that the whole thing, and every grant made, has been revolutionary and unconstitutional : hundreds of thousands, millions of money, have been granted away year after year without any Parliamentary sanction—granted so, simply because the nation threw back every scheme devised by one party and another to give the Government the guidance and the control of educational funds and machinery. The matter has come to that very issue it was long known by thoughtful men it would assuredly reach. It was known when those first 'promises of a shower' dropped upon the delighted recipients, that they would speedily be succeeded by 'an abundance of rain !' The first modest drops fell, but perhaps few who saw the grant in 1839 of £30,000 could suppose that in 1859 the grant would increase to £836,920. The Lords of the Council have no doubt themselves been startled by the very enormity of their munificence ; for ourselves, when we remember who for the most part have received and asked for these alms, we cannot forbear the expression of our indignation ; attempting by every conceivable method in a more honest and upright manner to circumvent the friends of free and voluntary education, the friends of taxed and compulsory education have no doubt stolen a march upon them, and that has been done against law, and over law, which could not be done when appealing fairly to the people, and so the end is, that the Privy Council Committee has expended from 1839 to December 1859 £4,378,183 4s. 9½d. We shall attempt presently to discover to whom and with whom rests the principal portion of this pleasant item.

We are not disposed in this paper to enter especially into the argument of the province of Government to touch this question of education ; it is enough to say for the present that, like everything else which Government touches, they only touch it to leave the mess and the muddle of their own fingers upon it and about it. 'Why don't *you* take it, then ?' we have often been asked when we have represented to some in conversation the vast injustice of the whole arrangement ;—' why don't you take it, then ?' and we have said, 'Because we indignantly deny the right of Government to give it, or even to meddle in these matters.' It is said to be the duty of Government to encourage education, and to encourage education by Building Grants, and Capitation

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Grants, for it is most necessary that citizens should be educated; education is not only necessary, it is desirable, and delightful. And why not encourage art and artisans in the same way? It is very delightful to have easy shoes; it is indispensably necessary to have some shoes; really sometimes it seems more indispensable to have shoes than to have a knowledge of letters. Now, as we have a Capitation Grant in one case why not a pedestation grant in the other? Why not encourage the art and mystery of Cordwainery by so much on every pair of shoes? Why not encourage the rising professor of the Sartorial art in the same way? Why not extend a helping hand to art and to science, to the sculptor and the painter, and the surgeon? Is not society interested in the affair of shoes? Is it not of the most serious moment that we get all the bad shoes out of society; that we banish bad shoemakers; and that we get good shoes and shoemakers into society? Each pupil-teacher costs Government about £150. How is it, we ask, alarmed, that the education of good shoemakers costs nothing? No other persons receive from the State so large a sum of money for education and maintenance between the ages of thirteen and twenty. No wonder that 'revolutionary' code has created a consternation; Pupil Teachers, 'protect' yourselves. Nay, why not every trade its protective corporate guild? Schoolmasters are now attempting to form such an educational guild, and to form themselves into a kind of Governmental police; why not an universal guild of this kind? Nay, and some pleasant dress also to mark the distinction; a sort of uniform. Why not a graceful uniform for such a graceful uniformity? This is a return to the pleasant ways of the middle ages, with their grand protective institutes. Moreover, it seems to be a return to a kind of universal justice, very delightful to contemplate. It is an approximation to that delightful dispensation of 'Share and share alike,' vulgarly called Communism; a state too sadly far off from fact and vision. There are many things which we desire to have,—books, statues, horses, and houses. Who knows what twenty years may do? Education is nearer to centralisation now than it was twenty years since, as most things are; if we can stride in twenty years from £30,000 to £800,000, possibly in a few years we may all become more comfortably uniform in our havings. Government, which provides chemical instruments for schools, will perhaps make us a present of a chemical furnace, or a library; nay, and how happy if all mendicity were marshalled by an order in Privy Council; we could bear ourselves to be drawn a little nearer to the mendicant class,—delightful prospect! Universal intelligence; universal education, with a further compensation

that the mind of the citizen would not then be embarrassed by that too great freedom which is at present somewhat tantalizing. We have the police to guard our material interests, why should not the police of mind be trained, and trimmed, and drilled, and drafted off, and marched and counter-marched, in the same way? To this it would come but for that pernicious and 'revolutionary code,' or some such piece of foul play.

We write with some degree of bitterness. Opposed to Government grants entirely, and upon principle, for the purposes for which they have usually been given, there has been in the distribution such a reckless spirit of waste and extravagance that we may well speak with some degree of asperity. Government *cannot* spend its money honestly and conscientiously. The 'Edinburgh Review' writes:—

'The population of England and Wales is less than half the population of France. But Mr. Arnold assures us that the English Parliamentary grant alone would on the French system entirely maintain 25,000 schools, instead of assisting only 8,500; and that it would completely educate 1,500,000 of French children, in place of some 950,000 English ones. The Government are to a great extent responsible for this lavish expenditure. Under the Irish National School System 300,000 children are educated for £285,373, at an average of 19s. per scholar; in England the cost of popular education in registered schools averages 30s. per scholar. It is in the nature of high departments of State, administered by great political officers, and dealing with millions of money, to do things in a very different manner from a local education Board. Official agency always tends in this country to encourage that propensity to extravagance which is one of our most grievous national failings. In another part of his Report Mr. Arnold computes the rate of expenditure on the French schools and school administration at *one-fourth* of ours.'

But this very recklessness of expenditure has broken down the system. It grows to dimensions too vast; nay, even unmanageable; it demands reform, retrenchment, and an entire re-consideration;—it calls loudly for vehement opposition. Looking at what it is, and what it has done, it is quite certain that it is time the system came to an end. Thus how very edifying and hopeful, for instance, are some of the results of Governmental speculation, in the way of education, we may gather from the following:—

'The Committee of Council were desirous of supplying schools with good educational books at low prices. For this purpose they devoted a sum of nearly £6,000 a year to carrying on a book trade below the market price, and therefore, at a loss, represented by that amount. Nothing could be more injurious to the production of good

school books; for the list of works circulated by Government had of course the command of the market, and so far prevented improvement; the actual price of school books was no longer determined by open competition; publishers being compelled to allow a discount of about 40 per cent. to the Government, were compelled to put a higher price on their books than they would otherwise have done, and consequently the public at large paid more, in order that the protected schools might have books for less than they cost. The administration of this puerile scheme has been enormously troublesome and expensive, and it has now been abandoned; but nearly £40,000 have been spent by the Government in providing for the loss upon the amount of books and apparatus thus purchased and resold to school managers below their value.

Nonconformists, it is known, or *some* of them, have ever lifted up a decided protest against the principle and practice of this whole thing. We have heard of a lady who had taken some pains to establish an infants' school upon a large scale, and planted in the school garden apple-trees. When she collected subscriptions, towards defraying the cost of the school, this item of apple-trees created some surprise. "Still," said one, "apple-trees! Ah! a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat." "No, friend," said the collector, "they are not to eat." "Oh, for puddings then; ah! better still, a very good plan." "No, tisn't for puddings, neither, nor pies." "No!" said the subscriber, "what then?" "It is to teach them *to resist temptation*." So the golden apple-tree, planted by the Government, has to Nonconformists only this value,—it has taught them to resist temptation. Alas! in some instances, the temptation has been too much for our poor brethren. Like that other fatal tree, its fruit seems so pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise; so they partook of the fruit and they fell. We say some of them, for, indeed, we believe there has been a disposition to regard very coldly and suspiciously those who refused to concede the right of Government to appropriate its funds thus. Homerton Training School has been sustained with great difficulty; many persons in the denomination have regarded it as a whim: but for the munificence of a few men, among whom we believe we may especially mention Mr. Samuel Morley, the institution and the protest would have expired together. Homerton College, beneath the able presidency of its admirable principal, the Rev. W. Unwin, M.A., has been the solitary protest against that beaureau-cratic spirit, that admiration for Continental measures in education, in which the schemes of Governmental Education had their origin.

"The Homerton Training College," say the Commissioners, which

is connected with the Congregational Board of Education, is remarkable, because it is, with one exception, the only training College in England which is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Board is opposed on principle to State interference with religion or education, which are in its opinion inseparably connected. Its operations are similar to those of the British and Foreign School Society, but it is connected principally with the Independents, and is so constituted as to exclude Unitarians. The points in reference to its training colleges which principally require attention are, that the age of the students is more advanced (20 to 22 in the case of females, 22 to 24 in the case of males) than is the case in the assisted colleges; that its course of instruction is more extensive and difficult than that which is founded on the Government syllabus; that its expenses (£40 per annum per pupil) are not materially less; and that the pupils generally attend for a shorter period, namely, for a year to sixteen months. Indeed, it has a strong resemblance, in many particulars, to the British and Foreign School Society's Training College as it was before the introduction of the pupil-teacher system.'

We trust that the present agitation will have the effect of calling attention to this brave and noble Institution, and giving to it a larger measure of denominational support than it has hitherto received.

Well, we have no hesitation in saying that the outlay of these vast sums of money has tended amazingly to deprave the voluntaryism of the people; we have no hesitation in saying that we believe this large sum has, in innumerable instances, tended to warp the awakening instincts of those who might, but for that expenditure, have done better; we have no hesitation in expressing our firm conviction, that whatever amount of good may have been effected incidentally, and by the way, the great result has been to vitiate the public sentiment, there has been a recklessness about the mode of administering these grants which never could be beneficial to public morality. If some inefficient teachers have been driven from the field, innumerable deserving teachers and private masters have been irreparably injured. In many instances, voluntaryism has been perfectly paralysed, and has been compelled to retreat from competition in despair; while unscrupulous sectaries of every degree, who have had no hesitation in accepting the grants, have gone forth completely armed with the Government monies, as so many missionaries—however opposite their creeds—paid by Government to advance their opinions. "What am I to do? what are we to do?" said a respectable minister to us the other day. "You tell us not to accept the Government grant; you tell us to have faith in voluntary effort. I believe we shall be com-

pelled to accept the grant, or to give up all efforts for education in despair. How can we struggle along by the side of large grants of hundreds of pounds given to this school and that? "Look,"—and our friend pointed to several schools behind, from the hill on which we stood; and it was in the West Riding of Yorkshire,—“How did that handsome Wesleyan school rise, think you? Why it was cooked into existence—it is out of debt—£500 or £600 were received from Government funds for it. The work was done at once; a large piece of ground was easily obtained. The ground was estimated at its extreme value. Perhaps £150 is put down as the donation of the holder of the ground; that donation operated like magic in drawing other donations, larger or smaller, from the pockets of the surrounding gentry; and everywhere the hope of the Government grant operated to increase the benevolence. Well, without much exertion the £500 or £600 is raised; and then comes the corresponding sum from Government, and the people have done a brave thing. Now, I and my friends do not believe in the righteousness of this thing; and what are we to do? We cannot accept this grant; we must suffer. For my part,” continued our friend, “if I could accept that grant, I could go further than that,—I could settle many difficulties; I could submit to Episcopal ordination, and accept a State Endowment of religion. ‘You fastidious man,’ my friends say. ‘Your consciences are altogether too ticklish.’ I cannot help it. I am a Nonconformist from conviction. I am not clear that Government may lend no help to educate the children of criminals and paupers; but to come to our sects and endow them, and place us at disadvantage, because we will not accept what we believe it has no right to give, and which places us at disadvantage to refuse—you will laugh at me—but I am compelled to call it persecution.”

It is not possible to look down the long list of schools aided by Parliamentary grants, without feeling that three religious denominations in the country have reaped the principal benefit from the transaction. First and foremost, the Established Church. We have not gone specifically through every case, but it is easy to see that for every ten schools of other descriptions aided, a hundred National Schools have received the grant. Of course, they receive on principle. The National Church has an infinite capacity for taking; there is no limiting the capability of that huge national sponge. Like Bryce Snailsfoot, it says:—‘Help me to get ane or twa of these kists ashore before anybody else comes, and we shall share like good Christians what God sends us, and be thankful.’ Indeed, we should say the aid given,

during the twenty years, to Church of Englandism has been very considerable, and the aid given has been generous. Such impoverished estates as those of the Dukes of Bedford, and Sutherland, and Norfolk; such decayed, and infirm, and pauperised old towns as Oxford and Cambridge, have received their needful dole; nay, there is scarcely a wealthy vicar or rector in the country who has not held out his hat or his spoon, like Oliver Twist, for a little more; and, unlike poor Oliver, the plaintive and modest request has led neither to indignation, surprise, nor refusal. We suppress all indignation ourselves—the Privy Council dared, in an unconstitutional manner, to arrogate to itself a right to disburse sums of money in fields of labour altogether beyond its province; and we cannot wonder that the National Church—remarkable for the elasticity of its conscience, and the enormity of its maw—instantly put itself in the way of a seizure. That wealthy and corrupt ecclesiastical corporation has received an accession of strength from the grants few can be aware of. That Establishment—the majority of whose so-called members, in regions where the aid has most constantly been received, are lost to every sentiment of liberality, while they are yet the most wealthy members of the community—has, by this stratagem of the Privy Council, certainly *apparently*, we surely believe *not really*, distanced the efforts of Nonconformists for years to come. This is true, although the Bishop of Oxford has said:—

‘He was convinced that, in the present state of the population of this country, the Church of England could not, either with propriety or *advantage seek for grants from the public funds* towards the strengthening, the enlargement, and the development of the church. She could only get increased grants from Parliament by a *diminution of her present liberty*; and the result of such aid would be to *check the flow of voluntary help*, and could only lead to a *limitation of the Church’s liberty and a loss of her influence*. He should be sorry to see the hopes and expectations of the members of the Church turned from these internal exertions, which were sufficient for the work, to *so dangerous and paralysing a source of revenue as any public grant*.’

This is noble speaking, and the Bishop of Oxford can speak nobly; but the action of Church-of-Englandism differs widely from that speech. And Mr. Gladstone has said:—

‘If I were driven utterly to abandon the voluntary principle, or to place exclusive reliance upon it, I would not hesitate a moment in making my choice. In such an emergency, I would say at once, give me the real education, the affection of the heart, the moral influences operative on character, the human love, that are obtained

through the medium of the voluntary principle, carried out by men whose main motive is one of Christian philanthropy, rather than throw me upon a system which, whatever the intentions of its first mover may be, must, sooner or later, degenerate into hard irreligion."

Another interesting section of the religious community which has great occasion to congratulate itself upon the success of the manœuvre, is the Roman Catholic; and we, whose sentiments are known well with reference to that body, regard it as a perfect strengthening of the arms of the Anakim. The Papists would regard it as perfectly legitimate; to them it is but the "taking the lawful spoil of the Egyptians." We believe that a good Romanist must, of necessity, be a bad English citizen. If a good subject of the Pope does not make a bad subject of Queen Victoria, that is not the fault of Wiseman, and the priests, and the *Tablet*. Without dwelling at any length upon this matter, we will only remark, that the aid afforded to these schools, and to men who do their best, week by week, to annoy us; and who are in themselves the anointed pest and nuisance of Europe, shows how dead the public conscience is which can do or permit such things. And what do our readers think of such a paragraph as the following:—

"Information was afforded to the Assistant Commissioners by almost every one to whom they applied for that purpose, though they had no compulsory powers. *The only exception of importance was in the case of the Roman Catholic Schools, admission to which was uniformly refused.*"

We can make our own comment upon this insolence.

The next large recipients are the Wesleyans. Now, that immeasurable mischief has been done, we cannot doubt; but we must refer to the very judicious paper of Mr. Tremenhoe, addressed to the Secretary of the Educational Commission, who does not hesitate to pronounce the verdict of failure upon the plan. He says:—

"In order to answer satisfactorily the inquiries proposed by the Education Commissioners, it appears to me necessary that there should be no misapprehension as to the precise object which Parliament and the country had in view, in commencing the system of aiding local efforts for the extension of elementary education, by Parliamentary grants.

"Was it to offer to the whole of the labouring class, as that class is defined by the Commissioners, namely, to "the families of day labourers, mechanics, and the poorer classes of farmers and shopkeepers," sound elementary instruction, without reference to their respective means of paying for it, and without any limitation as to what was included in the term "elementary instruction?"

‘If so, is that still the object and intention of Parliament and the country?’

‘It was, without doubt, at the time of the formation of the Committee of Council on Education, now just 20 years ago, the prevailing opinion among those who were promoting the movement in favour of a greater extension of popular education, that it was essential to the general welfare, in the then existing state of society, that greatly increased facilities should be given for bringing elementary education within the reach of the whole labouring class, and offering to them, for a very moderate payment, not only the ordinary branches of reading (including grammar), writing, arithmetic, and the elements of religious knowledge, which were the staples of instruction at most of the existing schools, public and private; but also geography, singing, drawing, and the rudiments of historical knowledge, of mechanics, and of political economy. It was said that an acquaintance with these subjects, if gained by the children, would open the mind and improve the taste, and therefore raise the standard of intelligence among the lower classes of society.

‘It was anticipated that if those subjects were offered to be taught by good masters, and included in the same low rate of payment (1d. or 2d. per week), with the strictly necessary elementary subjects, the children of the labouring classes of all grades would take advantage of the opportunity, and would stay long enough at school to receive such instruction.

‘The experience of 20 years has shown that those anticipations have not been realised.

‘The time has therefore manifestly arrived when it is necessary that the country should reconsider the principles upon which the funds of the State have been applied for the last 20 years in furtherance of popular education.’

The evidences of the failure of the present method are numerous. Again we quote Mr. Tremenheere:—

‘The Rev. J. P. Norris, writing of the counties of Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire, says (Minutes for 1854, p. 539) that “out of every hundred children in that district, not more than six or seven were really profiting by the improved education introduced by their Lordships’ measures.”

‘The Rev. Canon Moseley states in his Report on Male Training Schools (1854, p. 302), that “their Lordships’ efforts for education are practically defeated;” “what is gained on the one hand, by the improvement of the schools, being lost on the other by the earlier age at which the children are taken from them.”

‘The Rev. F. C. Cook, writing of the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, Bedford, and Buckingham, says (1854, p. 395) “the great mass leave before they rise into the first class.”

‘The Rev. F. Watkins, whose district is the county of York, asks (1854, p. 439) whether the reality does not afford “a pretty fair assurance that all the long and imposing array of certified masters

and mistresses, assistant teachers, pupil teachers of both sexes and different grades . . . all the instructive books, all the excellent maps, all the ingenious apparatus, if not absolutely wasted, are indeed far too costly and too cumbrous for the service in which they are engaged?"

'The Rev. D. J. Stewart, speaking of the northern counties, says (1854, p. 575-6), "a very low standard of instruction is maintained with difficulty by a very costly system;" and that "one effect of having efficient teachers and well-furnished schools seems to be "that children can now be taught in less time than formerly the meagre smattering which passes for education, and that they are ready at an earlier age for the labour market."

'In his Report upon the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford, and Buckingham for 1856 (p. 443), Mr. Stewart states that it is his impression "that the number of children of the strictly labouring classes attending parochial schools annually decreases."

'The Rev. G. R. Moncrieff, speaking of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland and Westmoreland, in his Report for 1856 (p. 493), expresses "an emphatic opinion" that the results are utterly insignificant, and that we have "an elaborate and expensive machinery wasted on little children too young for permanent impression." And in his Report for 1857 (p. 473), he states that, "of the large sums raised from all sources for educational purposes, seven-tenths are in this district spent on little children under ten years of age, and hardly one-fortieth on those who are likely to receive permanent impression."

'Such opinions, to which others might be added from the inspectors' Reports down to the present time, coupled with the fact of the statistical return, which show the results as to age and attendance at school, already quoted, outweigh any contrary opinions derived from particular districts. There is also abundant testimony in the reports to the fact of children who could read at ten years of age having lost the power a few years later, the little they had acquired having been learnt too superficially and imperfectly to be retained.

'The offer made at the expense of the State, of excellent and comprehensive instruction at the lowest possible payment, has therefore failed to reach those for whom it was designed.

'It cannot be expected that the State should continue indefinitely to offer what is not accepted, and to encourage a dependence on itself, followed by no equivalent results.'

We must think that when Mr. Tremenheere claims on behalf of the measures of Government, that *they* have introduced a higher standard of elementary education, that *they* have increased the accommodations of school architecture, that *they* have raised the character of the masters and the mistresses, that *they* have liberated the schools from the dominion of a harsh discipline, and that *they* have supplied a better class of school-books; we

must believe he claims far too much for the operation of the system: all these are the result of individual effort, and in every one of these departments the spirit of the age was operating before one penny was received from any public fund, but thus always will Government step in and claim as its act that which would never have been associated with it but for its impertinence.

On the whole, in those particulars, in which especially it was best to elicit from the schools aid and development they seem to have failed. The Commissioners regret that children are removed from school before they have been able to make any progress on this subject. The remarks of the Prince Consort in the Educational Congress of 1857, are very worthy of especial notice. With great delicacy and wisdom, he says:—

‘The root of the evil will, I suspect, be found to extend into that field on which the political economist exercises his activity; I mean the labour market, demand and supply. To dissipate that ignorance, and rouse from that lethargy, may be difficult; but with the united and earnest efforts of all who are the friends of the working classes, it ought, after all, to be only a question of time. What measures can be brought to bear upon the other root of the evil is a more delicate question, and will require the nicest care in handling, for there you cut into the very quick of the working man’s condition. His children are not only his offspring, to be reared for a future independent position, but they constitute part of his productive power, and work with him for the staff of life. The daughters especially are the handmaids of the house, the assistants of the mother, the nurses of the younger children, the aged, and the sick. To deprive the labouring family of their help would be almost to paralyse its domestic existence.’

But the especial evidence of failure is shown in these very matters of elementary education; these schools were intended to promote in reading and writing; there does appear to be a perfect uniformity of failure, but the climax of unintelligence surely is reached in the following reply to two questions from the Church Catechism—‘What is thy duty towards God?’ and ‘What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?’ The following were replies written on slates by two children of average intelligence, of eleven years of age:—

‘My duty toads God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whichp and to give thinks, to put my old trast in him, to call upon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my life’s end.’

‘My dooty tords my nabers, to love him as thysel, and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me, to love, onner and suke my farther and mother, to onner and to bay the Queen, and all that

are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooness, teaches, sportial pastures and marsters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters, to hut no body by woul nor deed, to be trew in jest in all my deelins, to beer no malis nor ated in your arts, to kep my ands from pecken and steel, my turn from evil speaking, lawing and slanders, not to civet nor desir othermans good, but to lern labor trewly to git my own leaving, and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it is please God to call men.'

At the same time, the reports of the Commissioners present some different features, and the same gentleman, Mr. Brookfield, whose examination elicited the above hopelessly ludicrous document, also received the following admirably ready and practical illustration of a sentence from the Church Catechism, from a boy:—

"Tell me of any state of life to which it may, perhaps, please God to call *you*?"

"A Waterman."

"Well, how would you do your duty in that state?"

"Take no more passengers than the license says."

"Well, anything besides?"

"Behave civil to the passengers."

"Anything else?"

"Land 'em dry on the other side."

"Anything else?"

"Ask no more than the regular fare."

"Anything else?"

"Keep some of the money for my father and mother."

"Anything else?"

"Try to lead a good life."

But, in fact, the thing which is most needed in connection with education is not merely the infusion of a practical element, but a decided maintenance of the practical as the very end for which the school is established; of course it is very desirable to direct the mind of the scholar to whatever may enlighten and enlarge it, and it cannot be other than useful to give some information upon the world—its form and inhabitants, and the other worlds beside ours, and the history of our country, but the tools of knowledge are reading, writing, and arithmetic, and if the scholar fails in these, his school is useless to him; unfortunately, these simple acquirements do not show so well, and there are masters and committees who prefer that children should be made into a kind of showy machine, to the training of them for the actual work and business of life. When we find that nothing is more common than a knowledge of such matters as the weight of Goliath's spear, and the length of Noah's Ark, and the dimensions of Solomon's temple—we certainly are reminded of the old lady, who, when

asked which part of the Scriptures had impressed her most, exclaimed, 'Oh, them comfortable words, Mesopotamia, Pamphylia, and Thrace !' It is sad when, with this worthless technical knowledge, there is an ignorance of the meaning of the atonement, the sacraments, or the parables. Yet this is the state of things recorded by the Commissioners. Or what can be more shocking, indeed, in the more material matter of education than Dr. Woodford's statement, that he had 'visited fifty-three mixed schools, in which there was no provision for needlework. The girls present were 1,476 ;' while in some districts, Dr. Woodford found that parents refused to allow their girls to waste the school time in learning to sew, saying, 'they can get awhile at sewing afterwards, when they are more likely to profit by it.' Our readers then will not be surprised that many of the present means are regarded as failures. But indeed, education can never be generally diffused, or generally valuable, until there is a deeper conscience with reference to it in the minds of the working classes. It is satisfactorily proved that such a conscience at present is most defective ; let this be awakened, and we may safely dispense with Government grants, and until it is awakened Government grants will be altogether inadequate.

It is most honourable to us that within late years the character of the teachers in either sex has greatly increased in dignity. The schoolmaster for the people is now in England a very different person from what he was when efforts were first made to call attention to education. It seems, however, there are still to be found some teachers who bear a likeness to the Domines of the days of old ; indeed, the testimony as to the capabilities of the race of private schoolmasters is anything but satisfactory, if it is not over-coloured.

"The general testimony," says Mr. Hare, speaking of Hull, Yarmouth, and Ipswich, "goes to show that most private schoolmasters are men who have failed in other pursuits, and that many of them eke out a subsistence by doing whatever odd jobs chance may throw in their way. One witness specifies quondam barbers, sailors, soldiers, and millers as turning to school-keeping, and present schoolmasters as being also interested in ship-owning or engaged in rate-collecting." "I became acquainted with one whose general intelligence enabled him not only to keep a day and evening school, but also to cater for a country newspaper, to conduct the correspondence of persons who are no scholars, and to make the wills of testators who are penny wise and pound foolish."

'Mr. Cumin's experience in Bristol and Plymouth was similar. Of the private schoolmasters in Devonport, one had been a blacksmith, and afterwards an exciseman, another was a journeyman tanner, a third a clerk in a solicitor's office, a fourth (who was very successful

in preparing lads for the competitive examination in the dockyards) keeps an evening school and works as a dockyard labourer, a fifth was a seaman, and others had been engaged in other callings. Of some of these schools Mr. Cumin's informant spoke in favourable terms.

'In none of the districts, however, were these features so strongly marked as in London. Dr. Hodgson found evidence to justify the assertion, that "none are too old, too poor, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in any way or every way, to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others, as unfit for school-keeping. Nay, there are few, if any, occupations regarded as incompatible with school-keeping, if not simultaneous, at least as preparatory employments. Domestic servants out of place, discharged bar-maids, vendors of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating-houses, of mangles, or of small lodging-houses, needlewomen who take in plain or slop work; milliners; consumptive patients in an advanced stage; cripples almost bedridden; persons of at least doubtful temperance; outdoor paupers; men and women of seventy and even eighty years of age; persons who spell badly (mostly women I grieve to say), who can scarcely write, and who cannot cipher at all." Mr. Wilkinson's account of the matter is very similar. He says that "the profession, as such, hardly exists, and that it is a mere refuge for the destitute, and enumerates grocers, tobacconists, linendrapers, tailors, attorneys, painters, German, Polish, and Italian refugees, bakers, widows or daughters of clergymen, barristers, and surgeons, house-keepers, ladies'-maids, and dress-makers, as being found amongst the teachers of private schools.''

It is most desirable that the character of the schoolmaster, and of the schoolmistress too, should stand high, and that they may do so it is desirable that they should be free; all that can honestly and consistently be done to save them from a feeling of precariousness in their profession should be done; we do most earnestly desire to see the whole of the class respected and respectable; we desire to see an interest created for them and felt in them; we desire to see a local spirit created, a feeling of voluntary guardianship, and responsibility and trust: they cannot be too much honoured, respected, and beloved, the interests of unborn generations are with them; but these objects will be best secured when the profession is followed, more for love and less in the hope of becoming a Government pensionary. How little likely is such behaviour as that recorded in the following extract, to elevate the character of the master, or to exalt the characters of the pupils, yet such conduct would be found in thousands of hamlets and villages in England.

"A well-trained master who knows his business," says Dr. Hodgson, "is not likely to endure without a grudge, treatment such

as I have myself been grieved to witness, treatment which the presence of a stranger renders more humiliating and painful. The clergyman enters the school without removing his hat, or salutation of any kind; he interrupts the lesson; he takes the pupils as it were out of the master's hands; he gives to pupils, visitors, and all, the impression that the school is his, and not the master's."

On the whole the character of teachers is certainly greatly growing for good, while no doubt that which is needed as the great qualification, is admirably pointed out by Dr. Temple. 'I think,' he says, 'that it would be far better if you could get schoolmasters with less knowledge and more education, which is what is commonly meant by people who ask for what they call a lower standard, but it is really a much higher standard.' This is indeed the secret of all power over men, and of all true knowledge. It represents the difference between knowledge in the mind and knowledge in the memory. Nor can there be any measure of influence over others, or any power of communicating knowledge to others, but by its first being made distinctly and really the property of him who seeks to influence or to communicate.

If we have spoken rather lengthily of the failure imputed to the present efforts, we have surely a right to do so when it is remembered with what severity and sarcasm voluntarism has been treated; the idea that it could effect any change in the character of the population, how this has been flouted to scorn! We have ever maintained that it is very slow work to effect a change in the habits of a community and a nation; and we have ever maintained that any power in the school-room, even for educational purposes, will be, must be, very weak without the addition of home power, and character, and influence; and we have ever maintained that mere neutral schools are comparatively uninfluential for the deepest purposes of education. It is late in the day now to remark that education really is that which draws out character. We heartily endorse the sentiment of a distinguished member of the Dutch Chambers when he exclaims, 'No education without religion! and no religion except in connection with some actual religious communion! Else you fall into a vague deism, which is but the first step towards atheism and immorality.'*

We can scarcely think that the Privy Council will be permitted to cast loose its *protégés* so easily as it has determined upon doing. It is much easier to adopt an interest

* Arnold's 'Popular Education of France,' etc., p. 214.

for the purpose of protection, than it is to renounce it when adopted. In fact, the thing is rather coolly done; and we are not surprised at the tempest the Revised Minute has created. But the expenditure is now more clearly before the eyes of the nation than it has been before; and we think there is a sufficient energy in the voluntary opinion of the people to insist, at any rate, that this lavish expenditure, which ought never to have been indulged, shall cease. If persisted in, it will be one of the most amazing pieces of practical unrighteousness connected with the administration of the funds, at a time when the nation was severely burdened with other unjust taxes, when upon all of us the education of our own families presses heavily, when the education of our sons costs us pounds, where the education of the children of the working man and artisan costs him pence. Is it fitting or right that this thing should be? We educate our children, we maintain our Sabbath-schools, we maintain our ragged-schools; by all means let us devise means for cheapening and guaranteeing a popular education. But let us remember that as Congregational Nonconformists, whether Independent or Baptist, we have something more to do in education than building schools and sending children to them. Our work is especially to educate character. This is the peculiar stamp of the Homerton Training College; and this is our work, not merely to furnish the mind, but to train character; our work is not to rear those elegant Elizabethan Normal colleges or elaborate Gothic edifices with which the English rector seeks to adorn his village. Our work is different. It is to train character. Mr. Matthew Arnold says, 'What influence may help us to prevent the English people from becoming, with the growth of democracy, *Americanized*? I confess I am disposed to answer: *Nothing but the influence of the State*.' Certainly we should deem it a great calamity were we to become 'Americanized'; but we should deem it as great or a greater calamity were we to become 'Continentalized.' What the introduction of the Continental system might make our schools, Mr. Arnold testifies in the following extract. We confess we have no desire to see our opinions reduced to so miserable a catholicity, to so wretched a level of sceptical indifference, where all sense of opposition is lost in a universal carelessness, and each belief is happily merged in an universal disbelief. We are near enough to this at present. God forbid that we should get any nearer. Precisely this do we dread in all these Governmental charities, and we mourn to see a noble-spirited individuality like that of Mr. Arnold—so full of noble

freedom and genius—labouring to bring about, as his beaureaucratic despotism assuredly would, a painless extinction, first of opposing faiths, and presently of all faith itself.

‘Popular instruction in Holland,’ says Mr. Arnold, ‘is therefore still Christian. But it is Christian in a sense so large, so wide, from which everything distinctive and dogmatic is so rigorously excluded, that it might as well, perhaps, have rested satisfied with calling itself moral. Those who gave it the name of Christian, were careful to announce that by Christianity they meant “all those ideas which purify the soul by elevating it, and which prepare the union of citizens in a common sentiment of mutual goodwill;” not “those theological subtleties which stifle the natural affections and perpetuate divisions among members of one commonwealth.” They announced that the Christianity of the law and of the state, was “a social or a lay Christianity, gradually transforming society after the model of ideal justice;” not a dogmatic Christianity, the affair of the individual and the church. They announced that this Christianity did not even exclude the Jew; for “the Jew himself will admit that the virtues enjoined by the Old Testament are not in opposition to the word of Christ, considered as a sage and a philosopher.” The Jews, on their part, announced that this Christianity they accepted. “In a moral point of view,” said M. Godefroi, a Jew deputy from Amsterdam, “I believe and hope there is no member of this Chamber, be he who he may, who is not a Christian. The word Christian, in this sense, I can accept with a safe conscience.”’

Surely the millennium must be near at hand where they empty their pockets of all their opinions, and then turn them inside out, and so delightfully feed each other with the sweet treacle of sceptical casuistry! Mr. Arnold longs to see the millennium here. He says of our too lax system :—

‘What has been the result? By dint of concession to the denominational spirit, by dint of not maintaining an impartial and unsectarian character, the State, in England, has been betrayed into a thousand anomalies, and has created a system far more irritating to sectarian susceptibilities than if it had regarded none of them. More than four-fifths of the population of France profess Roman Catholicism, and about one three-hundredth part of French inspection is in the hands of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. One-half of the population of England profess Anglicanism, and more than three-fourths of English inspection is in the hands of Anglican ecclesiastics. I heard the other day of an English National School, aided by public money, the only school in the place, which had for one of its regulations that no child of dissenting parents should be admitted unless he consented to be re-baptized. I saw with my own eyes, the other day, in a British school, aided by public money, a printed

placard, stuck up in a conspicuous place in the school-room, offering a reward of £10 to any Roman Catholic who could prove by text ten propositions, such as, that we ought to adore the Virgin Mary; that we ought to pray for the dead; that St. Peter was unmarried; that he ever was Bishop of Rome, and so on. Is it tolerable that such antics should be played in schools on which the grant of public money confers a public character? Would it be possible that they should be played in a public school in France, where the State permits liberty of conscience, but not liberty of persecution? But it is said that the State, in England, has bound itself not to interfere with the management of the schools which it aids. True, but whom does this answer excuse? It excuses the functionaries who administer the system, not the State which made and maintains it. No State has the right thus to shackle its own reason and its own equity.—(*Popular Education in France.* Arnold, pp. 148, 149.)

We too are desirous of seeing a cure for some of these things, but we should dread the cure effected by Mr. Arnold's receipt more than the disease. Let each vend its medicine or its poison unaided by the State.

To those persons who are desirous of reading such a statement of the results of Popular Education in England in a really pleasant, unembarrassed, and readable form, we must commend Mr. Skeat's very admirable summary. It is but the condensation of the larger reports, but it is done with great fairness and ability. Few persons feel any pleasure in travelling through the weary details of Blue Books, unless the work is imposed upon them as a necessity, and by an acquaintance with the cheaper document of Mr. Skeat's, the reader will save time, toil, and money, while he will find little that could interest him, unless, indeed, he is desirous of personally examining every item of the vast outlay.

These reports are full of very variegated interest, and if our object in this paper were to hold our readers' attention with the details of the state of education, they would furnish a very interesting variety of facts.

Let the resources of the nation be developed. Something has been done by the wealth of the country; but we believe that the wealth of the country has a very unquickened conscience as yet. What do the great landlords, the great farmers, the great manufacturers, as a body, care for the education of their tenants and their dependants? There are noble exceptions, but they are exceptions. Even while we write, memory wakes indignation within us in the recollection of some instances personally known to us. Well do we remember instances of men employing thousands of hands, whose indefatigable and laborious enterprise, indeed, has piled for themselves a magnificent fortune; whose princely

mansions overlook the vast factories and the villages, whose industry have made them the masters of the scene. Well do we remember the poor Dissenting minister, from his income of £100, a-year, or less, giving £50, somehow, to the erection of a beautiful Voluntary school, to the maintenance of which the princely traders contributed at first a sovereign or two a-year, which gradually ceased altogether, leaving the labourers to fish up an education for their children in the best way they could; inaugurating no movement of benevolence; owning no relationship to those villages but that of their paymaster—a relationship really less binding than that ofthane to thrall. Conduct like this it is which has necessitated, in many instances, an appeal for help to the alms of Government, because the lords of the soil forgot their duty. Mr. Senior quotes cases in which non-resident proprietors, drawing large incomes from the soil, will do nothing for the schools of their tenantry because the law makes no claim upon them. We bear a cheerful testimony to the labours of the English clergy—they have been most noble and self-denying. ‘Mr. Frazer informs us, that in the Dorset district an average subscribing clergyman contributes to the school expenditure eleven times as much as the average subscribing farmer, six times as much as an average subscribing householder, and, with probably not half the income, twice as much as an average subscribing landowner.’

Looking about in various directions for the means of sustaining the unwieldy machinery it has called into existence, the Commissioners very naturally glance at the Educational Charities and Endowments—their value is about £400,000 a-year; the Commissioners very modestly propose to hand over the whole administration of Endowed Schools to the Educational Committee of the Privy Council; they propose even to transfer the powers of the Court of Chancery to that Committee, so as to enable it to frame schemes and modify the provisions of the founders, and thus ‘to place in the hands of a political department of Government and its officers an authority superior to the law in reference to trusts producing £400,000 a-year.’ That the state of such endowments and charities needs a thorough investigation is certain, but to place such a power in the hands of a Minister of the Crown would be simply monstrous. The very expression of the idea, however, should awaken every cautious and jealous feeling; it shows the dangerous coil of centralisation which would, indeed, rid the country of one vice that it might more securely paralyse the country in the embrace of another. Some of the revelations with reference to other charities are very curious, and loudly demand some active hand to deal with them.

‘Of these is Jarvis’s Charity, in Herefordshire, the amount distributed from which, on a settlement of the charity in 1802, being “almost equal to that of the wages of the labouring population in the three parishes for the benefit of which it was founded,” it had the simple effect of populating them with a wretched class of people, at the expense of the depopulation of all parishes immediately adjacent. Parliament, in 1852, sanctioned a scheme for converting a large portion of this charity to educational purposes, but it is applied with little wisdom, and, with respect to a portion of it, in complete opposition to and departure from the testator’s will! So of the “Mayor’s Charity” at Manchester. “I examined,” says Mr. Cumin, “105 of the nomination papers in presence of the relieving officers, and I found that in some cases the names were fictitious; in others relations had recommended their relations; in others the persons recommended were drunkards or of bad character; in others they were in receipt of considerable wages and unfit objects of charity. To come to particulars, it appeared that 30 cases out of 105 were able-bodied men and women under the age of 46, many of them between 17 and 30. As a further illustration of the want of proper inquiry, I may mention this case. A woman in the receipt of 6s. per week from the Poor Law Board, but living by selling oranges, nuts, shell-fish, &c., at dram-shops and public-houses, obtained three different recommendations under three different names from three different persons. None of the recommenders knew the woman, but they kept the public-house vaults where the woman sold her oranges.”’

‘Canterbury is still worse:—In Canterbury, there is Lovejoy’s Charity, part of which is to be applied to “poor, ancient, and sick people not receiving relief.” The following list of recipients will show the mode in which the founder’s intentions are carried into effect:—

Convicted felon	1
Brothel keepers	4
Drunkards	18
Other bad characters	17
—	40
Paupers	36
Occasional paupers	18
—	54
In good employment or not needy .	51
—	—
Total improper objects	145
Inmates of hospitals, pensioners, &c. .	8
Mechanics, labourers, tradesmen . .	124
Persons who may be proper objects .	— 132
Respectable poor and deserving persons	110
No information respecting	113
—	—
	500

'Charities distributed by clergymen are described as productive of no larger amount of good. Instead of promoting religion, it is the testimony of a clergyman that they do great mischief. "I have no hesitation in saying," says the Rev. W. Poole, who for some years had the administration of charities, "that, unpopular as the step would be, it would be a positive benefit to be rid of these charities altogether."'

We are glad to direct the attention of our readers to the admirable paper in the "Edinburgh Review," to which we have referred at the head of this Article, and from which we have quoted; it protests distinctly as to the unconstitutional character of the power assumed by the Committee of the Privy Council, and points out the great waste and extravagance upon which we have commented. Upon the whole, we believe the results to which we have referred are such as to give heart to the friends of voluntary effort; they do something better than show the uncertain tenure of the Government grant—they show that ignorance is not more rapidly overtaken by the iron and unfeeling fingers of Government machinery, than by the careful and intense activity of duty and sympathy; they show that it is rather upon the character and quality of the soul employed in the work, than the multitude of teachers that will in the end guarantee success; and they show that after all the millions of money wastefully squandered, still the work to be done must be done not by official pensionaries but by voluntary effort.

SHORT NOTICES.

WE have no space this month for any extended series of Short Notices; we have a long arrear of volumes upon our Editorial table, which next month we hope to dismiss. But we are glad especially to point the attention of our readers to a reprint, most respectable and cheap, of *Dr. Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural as together constituting the one system of God* (Alexander Strahan & Co., Edinburgh). The price of this volume has hitherto kept it a more heard-of-than-known book; it is now published at a little more than a fourth of the price we gave for the American edition. We believe this book contains many suggestions which have not presented themselves to such writers as Buckle and Comte—suggestions, perhaps, which they have no nature to entertain, but which are fatal to their system of thought and argument: to thoughtful, and open, and candid minds, this will be a priceless volume. Dr. Bushnell deserves all our admiration and our love for his services to our generation, and he has them both. We shall hope to notice this volume again.

THAT *Miracle of Cheapness*, Nicholl's Standard Edition of the Puritan Divines, presents to us this month the second volume of *Goodwin's Works*, containing the second Chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and Patience and its Perfect Work. This volume also contains a lengthy memoir of Goodwin, by Dr. Halley, full of information, with reference

to Goodwin and his times. We have nothing to add to the admiration we have already expressed of the enterprise of the publisher, and the perfect getting-up of the volume. The whole church knows the worth of the contents of these books; their price has long made them inaccessible to the multitude of students, not to mention the fact that but few copies exist at all here; as we said above, they are a miracle of cheapness, and an ornament to the book-shelves of any student.

THE *Christ of History*, by John Young, LL.D., an argument grounded in the facts of his Life on Earth, we are glad to see in a Third Edition (William Allan). We notice that a critical contemporary has said there is a blessing for the world in this book; we believe so. We know of no volume which so ably prepares a way for the reception of Christ, in the judgment and the life, by a healthful preparation of the heart, as this volume; it would make, we have often thought, an admirable text-book for a higher order of a Bible class. With this we are glad to perceive that Dr. Young's other book, "*Evil and God—the Mystery*," has passed into a second edition (William Allan). We trust soon to attempt some estimate of the worth, which we rate highly, of Dr. Young's popular elucidations of some of the more difficult questions of theologic science. We hope to see all these and others of his latest works in many more editions yet.

A beautiful little book for parlour gardeners is *In-Door Plants, and how to grow them for the Drawing-room, Balcony, and Green-house; containing clear instructions by which Ladies may obtain, at a small expense, a Constant Supply of Flowers*, by E. A. Maling (Smith, Elder & Co.). This little brochure is intended for ladies, and surely in large towns it will be a most acceptable present. "If we can't go to natur," said Douglas Jerrold, in the person of Mr. Pugwash, "we must bring natur to us." We know of no better method than by the study of this simple and most elegant little guide-book.

THE sorrows and humours of a Pastor's life and a Minister's fireside present material sufficient for a large and very amusing book. *The Manse of Mastland: Sketches serious and humourous, from the Life of a Village Pastor in the Netherlands*, translated from the Dutch, by Thomas Keightley (Bell and Dalby, 186, Fleet Street), is the title of a book which has been some time before the world, and is perhaps well known to our readers. It contains a most pleasant fund of humour and amusement: all young students for the ministry may read it with profit. It will prepare the mind for many of the disappointments so severe to the young aspirant after the fame of talent and usefulness. Perhaps it will give a few lessons in the dealing with tough pieces of human nature, in schools and classes. We do not wonder that the Bishop of St. David's desired its republication. And there is much in the character of the society introduced which reminds us of the pastoral life in some of our Welsh villages. It will, if read aright, while it entertains by its narrative and its humour, guide the mind of the young pastor in the style suitable for preaching and for sermons—that is, the what to preach, and the how to preach it; and the holding the attention of classes and schools, and the varied machinery of simple usefulness, which must be mastered before the more complicated machinery can be touched. There is no other book exactly like this. Everybody may read it by the fireside, in town or village; and the student of the ministry may make some memoranda while reading it, which may serve him in his life of usefulness and labour.